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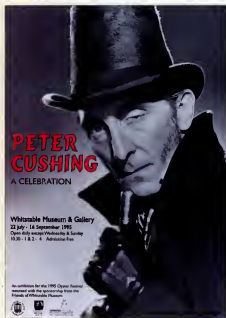
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COMICS

Tales From The Crypt

Whitstable Hosts Cushing Celebration



Peter Cushing's long association with Whitstable is being commemorated with a special exhibition at the town's museum this summer.

The exhibition will bring together a fascinating collection of material marking his film career, spanning his first trip to Hollywood in 1939, his years as a British television star, the Hammer era, and beyond. It will include personal items loaned by close friends, some of his paintings, and memorabilia collected by long-standing fans.

Fifty years have passed since Cushing made his first known visit to Whitstable with his wife, Helen. In 1939, they bought a house on the sea front. Cushing spent his last years in the town, and was a much-loved local figure, often seen out and about on his bicycle or in the Tudor Tea Rooms in Harbour Street. Comments Ken Reddie, Curator of Museums: "Peter Cushing donated a bench to the town in 1992, and the inscription upon it reads, 'Presented by Helen and Peter Cushing who love Whitstable and its people so very much.' Local people returned his affection, and so the exhibition will be a delight to so many

in the town. It will also be of interest to summer visitors, and we expect a number will make a trip especially to see this show. We also hope to have something permanently in the museum about Peter."

'Peter Cushing - A Celebration' will be at the Whitstable Museum and Gallery, 5a Oxford Street, Whitstable, Kent, between 22nd July and 16th September inclusive, except for Wednesdays and Sundays. Opening hours are 10.30 am to 1.00, then 2.00 to 4.00 pm.

Admission is free. For further information, please contact the Museum on (01227) 276998.

Terror Vision

Warner Home Video have announced a provisional schedule of nine Hammer films to be released over the next four months, all part of their new Terror Vision range. 17th July sees the release of the two Christopher Lee classics, *Taste the Blood of Dracula* (the cut version, sadly) and *To the Devil... o Daughter*. On 14th August, *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* and *The Satanic Rites of Dracula* will be reissued, this time with their original theatrical trailers in situ. Likewise *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*, re-released on 18th September alongside *Dr Jekyll & Sister Hyde* and, on sell-through for the first time ever in the UK, *The Curse of the Werewolf*. (It's not yet been confirmed by Warners whether or not this will be the fully-restored print, as screened on BBC1 last summer; rest assured, *Hammer Horror* readers will be the first to know.) And finally, on 30th October, the eagerly-anticipated *The Brides of Dracula* sees light of day, with *The Legend of the 7 Golden Vampires* released in tandem.

Christopher Lee

Hot on the heels of *A Feast at Midnight*, a globe-trotting Christopher Lee looks set to maintain his current high profile with a number of new projects. He recently completed work on a television series of Edgar Allan Poe adaptations entitled *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*. In addition to being the on-screen narrator of each instalment, Lee also appears as Prince Prospero in *The Masque of the Red Death*, a story last filmed by Roger Corman in 1964. The series was shot in South Africa.



Vincent Price in Roger Corman's 1964 version of The Masque of the Red Death

More recently, Christopher has been in Morocco filming a US mini-series, *Moses*, alongside Ben Kingsley and Frank Ligella.

Until the end of July, the tireless Mr Lee will be in Toronto working on *The Stupids*, a feature film starring Tom Arnold and directed by John American *Werewolf in London* Landis.

Ripper Stalks Watford

Much-loved Hammer character actor Michael Ripper will be making a rare public appearance (subject to commitments) on Sunday 30th July at Watford's Movie Mart and Collectors' Fair. He'll be signing copies of a recently-launched

one-off tribute magazine entitled *Unsung Hero* – *Michael Ripper*. Also appearing will be Countess Dracula herself, Ingrid Pitt. The event, which runs between 11.00 am and 4.00 pm, is at Watford Leisure Centre, Hooeseshoe Lane, Garston, Watford, Herts. For further information, telephone Paul Brown of event organisers, Midnight Media, on (01487) 832480. Details of how to order the magazine direct will be in next month's *Hammer Horror*.



Francis at Fantasm 95

Acclaimed genre director Freddie Francis will be the subject of a *Guardian* interview as part of the National Film Theatre's annual Fantasm weekend in July. Francis will be appearing on Sunday 16th July at 6.30; the interview will be preceded at 4.15 by a screening of the rarely-seen 1961 chiller *The Innocents*, on which Francis served as director of photography. Some tickets may still be available; call the NFTI box office on 0171 928 3252 to confirm. Also screened over the weekend of 14th to 16th July will be exclusive previews of Clive Barker's latest, *Lord of Illusions*, *Condom 2: Foreword to the Flesh*, and *Dr Jekyll and Ms Hyde*, a new re-working of the Robert Louis Stevenson classic starring Sean Young.

Corman and Sharp at Festival of Fantastic Films

Shock auteur Roger Corman and Hammer director Don Sharp are confirmed to attend this year's sixth annual Festival of Fantastic Films, to be held in Manchester over the weekend of 22nd to 24th September. The Festival will also feature exclusive screenings of new movies, over 30 archive showings covering nine decades of science-fiction and horror, a filmfair, an auction, the amateur video contest and a rolling 24 hour video programme. For booking and accommodation details, write to Tony Edwards at 95 Meadows Gate Road, Salford, Manchester, M6 8EN, enclosing a stamped addressed envelope.

Obituary

Character actor John Phillips, best known to Hammer fans for his portrayal of the scheming Sir Stanley Preston in 1967's *The Mummy's Shroud*, died on Thursday 11th May. He was 80 years old. Born in Birmingham, John Phillips first trod the boards at the Birmingham Rep in 1935. His early career, however, was interrupted by the outbreak of war; Phillips would be awarded the Military Cross during his time of service. A distinguished stage career – his Brutus to Sir Michael Hordern's Cassius in *Julius Caesar* at the Old Vic was highly-regarded – would be peppered with occasional film and television appearances. He played General Leighton in 1960's *Village of the Damned*, and Storm in 1967's *Torture Garden*; on television, he performed in series such as *The Onedin Line* and *Z-Cops*. Phillips later retired to Wales.



Competition Winners

We had a huge response to Issue 2's major swag-grab; nearly all the entrants answered the two questions we set correctly. Firstly, Peter Cushing originally played Professor Fuchs in *Blood From the Mummy's Tomb*, only to later be replaced by Andrew Keir; and secondly, the film other than *The Horror of Frankenstein* in which Dave Prowse played the Frankenstein monster was *Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell*.

The first prize, comprising a 12" vinyl kit of the werewolf from *The Curse of the Werewolf*, five videos (*Quatermass* and the *Pit* signed by Andrew Keir, *The Horror of Frankenstein* signed by Dave Prowse, *Blood From the Mummy's Tomb* signed by James Villiers, the widescreen *Dracula Prince of Darkness* and *The Mummy's Shroud*), plus a year's free subscription to *Hammer Horror*, goes to Deepak J Arora of Acton, West London. An unexpected bonus, Hammer House of Horror Marketing donated a fully assembled and painted model kit as first prize. The second prize of all five videos goes to AK Tart of Edinburgh, and the third prize of the three autographed videos goes to Jason Parkes of Dudley, West Midlands.



Funny Man Competition

In Issue 2, we also asked you for the name of the character Christopher Lee played in *Funny Man*. The answer was, of course, Callum Chance. *Funny Man* videos went to our three lucky winners: Mrs M Fisk of Enfield, Middlesex; Graeme Tennant of Edinburgh; and Nina Walsh of Rotherham, South Yorkshire.



Satanic Writes

Send your letters to:
Satanic Writes,
Hammer Horror,
Marvel Comics Ltd.,
Arundel House,
13/15 Arundel Street,
London WC2R 3DX.

Letters may be edited for reasons
of space and clarity. Full addresses
will only be printed if specially
requested.

Being a fan of Hammer films for many years, it's always exciting to discover new information about the studios that dripped blood. Two years ago, I had the opportunity to organise a Hammer festival in Nancy, north-east France. Presented were more than 30 original posters, scripts loaned by the British Film Institute, and stills. We projected 19 Hammer classics such as *Le Monstre* [The Quatermass Experiment], *Le Cauchemar de Dracula* [Dracula], and *L'Invaincu des Morts-Vivants* [The Plague of the Zombies].

Of course, to present a true tribute we needed guests. I contacted James Bernard, Jimmy Sangster



and Freddie Francis, all of whom
accepted my invitation.

I still remember them as if it was
just one day ago. Their good humour
and unpretentiousness was, to me,
extremely moving. We also had
letters from Christopher Lee, Val
Guest, Peter Cushing, and Anthony
Hinds.

**James Bernard,
Digne sur Meuse,
France**

We'd be delighted to hear from other
international readers who have
anything unusual or interesting to
tell us about the presentation and
availability of Hammer films overseas.

The two-part *Flesh and Blood*
documentary on Hammer referred to
a film about the Loch Ness Monster.
I believe it was made in the early
1970s. However, I can find no
reference to this film in either your
magazine or Creation Books' *The House of Horror*.
Do you have any information? Has the film ever been
on television or released on video?

**Neil Smithies,
Cherley,
Lancashire**

Sadly, no *Nessie* – the film to which you refer – was
never made. First announced for production in 1976 as
a co-production between Hammer Films, David Frost's
Paradise Films, and Japan's Toho Productions, the film



would have followed the eponymous monster's voyage
across the world's oceans after its escape from
Scotland's Loch Ness. Barker Frost apparently declared
that *Nessie* "would make jaws look like a toothpaste
commercial". Despite attracting considerable interest
at the Cannes Film Festival, the relative box-office
failure of Dino De Laurentiis's King Kong remake
would deter crucial investors, and the plans would be
shelved. Nevertheless, Toho Productions are believed to
have made a \$500,000 working model of the monster
and to have shot certain effects sequences.

As a dedicated fan of that gentle man of horror, Peter
Cushing, I was very pleased with your coverage of his
career and memorial service.

I am a director and actor for an amateur theatre
company in Tyldesley, Manchester. We dedicated our
last production to Peter's memory. Although Duncan
Greenwood's *Cat Among the Pigeons* has nothing to
do with horror, I don't think it mattered. After all,
Peter had more than one string to his bow.

This was not his only connection to Tyldesley
Little Theatre. In 1990, we presented a *Sherlock
Holmes* play. We contacted Peter and he graciously
sent us a malle prize for the event. It was a book of
his drawings, sketched at that tea-shop. The book
was signed and contained a brief message from the
good man himself.

There are a lot of popular facts printed about
Peter. I would like to see the above details in print,
if only to underline Peter's kindness to the small,
unknown performers – just as much as to anyone
else.

**Ian Taylor,
Bolton,
Greater Manchester**

Fans of Peter Cushing will be delighted to hear of a
new fanzine celebrating his life and films. The *Cushing
Courier* is a miscellany of trivia concerning the man
himself. For further information, write to editor Brian
Holland at 1a Hulse Hall Road, Cheside Hulse,
Stockport, Cheshire, SK6 6JT.

Could you possibly print a filmography of Hammer
movies in chronological order, as I have been
collecting the movies over a number of years and this
would be a very great help to me.

**Graig Adams,
Orfildist,
Glasgow**

No sooner said than done, Craig. The *Complete
Hammer Filmography* commences in next month's
Hammer Horror, on sale 10th August.

Thanks for producing such an informative and
interesting magazine – it certainly fills a gap in the
history of the British film industry. My own memories
of Hammer go back to the summer of 1958 when the
company released their inspired treatment of

Dracula. I vividly remember the effect that it had on me. I was sitting my GCE 'O' levels, and had only taken my History and English Language papers before I saw the film. Needless to say, those were the only two exams I passed; I failed every single subject after having seen Messrs Cushing and Lee. I think that my nerves remained shattered for a long time.

In later years, I worked for the BBC as a dubbing mixer at Ealing Studios. One day in 1987, I was booked to work on a documentary programme, *Hammer - The Studio That Dripped Blood*. We spent a pleasant morning recording Charles Gray's narration. When we came to an excerpt from his own performance in *The Devil Rides Out*, he recorded an extra line of narration - "That's me in the long red cloak!" - but it was later cut. Whilst on the subject of the film, I wonder if anyone knows why all of Leon Greene's dialogue as Rex has been totally replaced by Patrick Allen?

Michael Horwood,
Camberley,
Surrey

According to Christopher Lee, Leon Greene was dubbed because a less distinct accent was deemed necessary during post-production.

I was going to write to you sooner, but decided to wait for a few more issues to give you a chance. No chances left now. In my humble opinion, one of the finest actors Hammer ever had was Michael Ripper - and there's only been a passing mention of him in the mag so far. Please, oh please would you do a profile on this man? Can't you just see him wiping the bar tables and telling you not to go up near that castle tonight?

Robert Bragby,
St Anne's,
Babbs

Good news for fans of the incorporeable Mr Ripper. See pages 4-5...

Finally, I must say what an excellent magazine *Hammer Horror* is. Just when

I thought that I had read every last scrap of obscure Hammer facts, you've gone and unearthed a whole wealth of new information. Any chance of a similar magazine devoted to the Universal horrors?

I'm researching Bela Lugosi's English films, and would be very interested to hear from any *Hammer Horror* readers who saw or met Lugosi during his ill-fated 1951 English tour of *Dracula*, or from anyone with any interesting information on his three English films (*Mystery of the Mary Celeste*, *Dark Eyes of London*, and *Mother Riley Meets the Vampire*). Any help you can give will be gratefully accepted.

Andi Braaks,
15 Park Street,
Bath,
Avon,
BA2 2TE

Bela Lugosi's well-heralded arrival at Southampton Docks on Tuesday 10th April 1951 was comprehensively covered by the British press: he posed for photographs as he disembarked the liner *Mauritania*. His regional tour of *Dracula*, however, was a disaster - and it's even been suggested that he was forced to star in John Gilling's *Mother Riley Meets the Vampire* simply to raise the money for his passage home! The *Mother Riley* picture will be covered towards the end of the year in the first monthly issue of our sister magazine, *Sizzare*.

"DRACULA" WILL TOUR
April 10th 1951 P.M. 120000-2(Wo-K)

"DRACULA" WILL TOUR

Film-land's prime 'horror' actor - Bela Lugosi - arrived in Britain for a tour aboard the liner *Mauritania* at Southampton today (Tuesday). He earned his reputation in the film 'Dracula'. PICTURE SHOWN: BELA LUGOSI in a horror pose as he arrives in Southampton today. April 10th 1951 P.M. 120000-2(Wo-K)

My Top Ten

Richard R. Klemmensen,
publisher of
long-running US
fanzine *Little
Shoppes of Horrors*,
picks ten of the
best from the
Hammer canon.



Richard Klemmensen, star of
Fear in the Night, and (right) actress
Terence O'Connor, wife of Dracula
KD 2072's Christopher Meyers.

1. *The Brides of Dracula*

The perfect Hammer Gothic horror. Cushing is superb, and the two ladies - Marilisa Hunt and Freda Jackson - are equally fabulous. What a gorgeous movie.

2. *The Devil Rides Out*

A true battle between good and evil, as embodied in Christopher Lee and Charles Gray respectively. The climax still gives me goosebumps.

3. *Quatermass and the Pit*

Hammer's thought-provoking version of the Nigel Kneale television serial. Great when it first came out in 1968; even better today.

4. *Dracula*

The real groundbreaker for Hammer, light years beyond *The Curse of Frankenstein*. Lee and Cushing battle for the soul of Melissa Stribling. Saw it in a big cinema in Baltimore last year. Veronica Carlson, sitting nearby, jumped out of her chair several times. It still works.

5. *Frankenstein Created Woman / Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*

The extremes of acting brilliance, from the kind-hearted (sort of) doctor of *Frankenstein Created Woman* to the heartless demon of *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. Peter Cushing, the best actor ever in a horror role.

7. *The Mummy*

I don't care what other critics say: this puts anything Universal did in the thirties and forties to shame. The most beautiful film ever made by Hammer; Jack Asher pointed with light.

8. *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*

The Hammer film that made me a horror fan again, back in 1969, just before I was drafted into the army of the Vietnam era. Colourful and well done. Lee dies superbly on the cross.

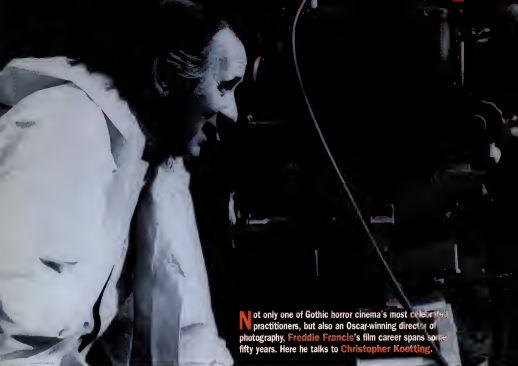
9. *Captain Clegg*

Hammer's action films are often given short notice. An incredible cast, and great storytelling. Michael Ripper at his best, and Cushing beats up Milton Reid!

10. *The Damned*

Finally available in an uncut version Stateside. Inspired film-making: cruel thoughts on a post-holocaust world. Still powerful today.

Tales From The Script



Not only one of Gothic horror cinema's most celebrated practitioners, but also an Oscar-winning director of photography, Freddie Francis's film career spans some fifty years. Here he talks to Christopher Kooting.

One might think that a directorial CV which includes chillers such as *The Evil of Frankenstein*, *Dr. Terror's House of Horrors*, *The Skull*, *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* and *Tales From the Crypt* would be indicative of a keen interest in the horror genre. But as far as Freddie Francis is concerned, his tenure as one of the top masters of the macabre was pure happenstance. "I don't like the genre, but I like the medium," he admits. "Horror's just something that doesn't interest me – I would love to direct comedies. Horror films happened to be the best way to continue directing; they were just films as far as I was concerned."

Francis first achieved notoriety as a cinematographer back in the 1950s, when he worked with such esteemed directors as John Huston, Joseph Losey and Jack Clayton on pictures like *Moby Dick* (1956) and *Room at the Top* (1958). In September 1959, he got a foretaste of his future when he answered a request from producer Anthony Hinds to photograph *Never Take Sweets From a Stranger*, a gripping tale of child molestation that was one of Hammer's best – and most controversial – films. "I was surprised that they asked me to do it and at the freedom they gave me," Francis remembers. "Because of that, I became very friendly with Tony Hinds. I would have loved Hammer to continue making those films, but they didn't want to get involved in anything there could be any discussion about."

Later in 1959, Francis got back to more 'respectable' surroundings and shot the film for which he would win his first Oscar: *Sees and Lovers*, based

on the DH Lawrence novel. He quickly moved on in February 1960 to shoot *Karel Reisz's Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*. Exactly one year later, Francis was reunited with Jack Clayton for *The Innocents*, an adaptation of Henry James's *The Turn of The Screw*. Undoubtedly one of the most eerie and atmospheric ghost stories ever filmed, *The Innocents* stands as a triumph of style and mood, due in no small part to the intricate photography of Freddie Francis. Although shot in CinemaScope, the film has the look and feel of a

small intimate picture, and perhaps no other film has used the widescreen format more effectively. It's ironic that the film was not originally planned as a Scope picture. "A matter of weeks before Jack and I shot it, 20th Century Fox said it had to be done that way," Francis says. "Jack was very worried, so we sat down and decided how we were going to approach it. The main design was in the lighting. I had a special front

made up for the camera, with some filters that you could bring in and out of the sides so that you never really knew what was happening on the edges of the frame. The picture needed to be a small intimate film, even in Scope. Although the lighting seems low key, we actually shot in a very high key because of the Scope focus restrictions. We really did use an enormous amount of light, which was unheard of in those days, to get the effects we wanted. I still think it was the only movie ever really designed for CinemaScope."

The year between *Saturday Night and Innocents* had provided Francis with

his first opportunity to direct: the Bryansson comedy *Two and Two Make Six*. Although his career as a cinematographer was already in high gear, Francis had loftier ambitions. He was no longer content to sit behind the camera – he now wanted to sit in the director's chair. "To live well as a cinematographer in England in those days, you had to work all the time. Consequently, you were often on films you weren't very keen about, working for a director you didn't admire. So I thought I might as well direct films myself. I kept directing so people would think of me as a director as opposed to an ordinary cinematographer." Francis would, however, find that bolstering his directorial credits would not always place him at the top of the bill. Such was the case when he was called upon to rescue an adaptation of John Wyndham's 1951 book, *The Day of the Triffids*. In August of 1961, filming began in Spain under the direction of Steve Seckely from a script by executive producer Philip Yordan. The next month, filming moved to the south coast and Shepperton Studios, before wrapping in October. The film was screened at year's end to executives from Rank, who were partners in the picture and planned to give it UK distribution – that is, until they saw Seckely's cut. Francis elaborates: "Rank had a pick-up deal and when they saw the film, they didn't want to pick it up. It was bloody awful, the producer [George Pisher] tried to do it for nothing, Allied Artists were involved and they had a troubleshooter who came over and thought it was terrible. He persuaded Philip Yordan to come and take a look at it. After the screening, Yordan said, 'It's a horror film and it's horrible.' To get Rank to fulfil their contract, Bernard Gordon wrote the subplot in the lighthouse, and I was brought in to shoot those scenes. Plus there were better-looking shots of Triffids, which, thanks to [special effects man] Tommy Howard, looked slightly more interesting than Spanish peasants dressed in sacks. We shot at MGM British Studios for five weeks. As a result, they were able to get Rank to pick up the film. It was agreed that I wouldn't have a credit – in those days I wasn't in a strong enough position to demand one, plus we didn't realise my part of the film would be as big as it was." After directing *The Route (aka Vengeance)* – a version of Curt Siodmak's Dostoevsky's *Crime* in the spring of 1962, Francis was reunited that July with Anthony



A lighthouse provides secret refuge for Jennifer Scott in *The Day of the Triffids*.

Hinds for *Paranoiac*, the first of three psychological thrillers for Hammer. However, it was his new reputation as a viable director that landed him the job, not his friendship with Hinds: in Francis's words, "Hammer never took any mad chances." Indeed, according to Francis, Hinds's approach to film-making was very different from his own. "I don't believe Tony liked films. He liked the business side of organising them, but he didn't like getting involved in anything like the shooting. He would very rarely come on the floor; it was more like, 'Here's the script, get on with it.'"

The *Paranoiac* script Francis got on with was penned by Jimmy Sangster, who also wrote the other two thrillers Francis directed for Hammer, *Nightmare* (1963) and *Hysteria* (1964). Over the course of the trilogy, Francis came to have a guarded admiration for Sangster's writing.

"I thought that, provided you didn't take them too literally, Jimmy's ideas were great, outrageous but great." As for developing a unique approach to filming the suspense and deception Sangster's scripts contained, Francis is speculative. "I must've developed a rhythm. Each one was an extension of what I'd done before – if something worked and the audience gasped at a certain point, then I'd work on that. There's obviously some knack I have, though. Martin Scorsese said about me, 'Freddie knows so much about the genre. He's the one guy who can do the shot of a young lady walking down a dark corridor at night and you just know she should've stayed home in bed.'"

In 1963, Francis took his first stab at directing a Gothic horror film for Hammer in *The Evil of Frankenstein*. But before shooting began, Francis let it be known that he wanted the obligatory creation scenes to be really striking. "I said to Tony, 'Look, I'll do this, but you've got to spend an awful lot of money and have a really good laboratory set.' I just wanted a really good laboratory."

With four Hammer notches in his director's belt, Francis was ready to move on. The opportunity arose



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Distributed by UNITED ARTISTS. Released by UNITED ARTISTS. Screenplay by JOHN BROWN. Directed by FRANCIS FORD COPPOLA.



Above: One of Frank Murnighan's original design sketches of the laboratory from *The Evil of Frankenstein*

Right: The end result, which perhaps not as ambitious, was nevertheless impressive

when a relatively new company by the name of Amicus came calling. Under the guidance of Max Rosenberg and Milton Subotsky, Amicus was ready to go head-to-head with Hammer in the horror sweepstakes, and, to add insult to injury, hired out Hammer personnel, not to mention its two stars, Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. Rosenberg and Subotsky chose Francis to direct their first major horror venture, and in May 1964, filming began on *Dr Terror's House of Horrors*, a *Dead of Night*-inspired anthology that Francis found a welcome change.

"I enjoyed working in the permanent format," he says, "mainly because I was bored with the Hammer films. I thought it was a sort of tense film, and I like any film where you can tease the audience."

With Milton Subotsky, Francis found a camaraderie he'd been missing with Anthony Hinds – "Hammer was a commercial venture; in contrast, Subotsky was a film fan," he asserts. Talking shop made for a nice change of pace, but Francis quickly learned that working for Amicus was to have its own set of drawbacks. "Amicus would always accept less money than budgeted to make their films. To make up the difference, Milton would write the scripts and he wasn't a very good writer. I actually had scripts from Milton that timed at 60 minutes, which meant we had to pad them and remount on the floor." A good case in point was *The Skull*, based on Robert Bloch's story *The Skull of the Monks of St. Sade*, which Francis began directing early in 1965. "On the first day of shooting, Max Rosenberg came on the floor and said, 'Paramount wants it for a two-hour TV slot, so we have to shoot 90 minutes.' So having put 35 minutes in it, I had to put in another 15. Milton insisted on doing the editing, but unfortunately he was no more an editor than a writer. So one had these terrible fights – but I had to admire

Milton because he loved the cinema and he got films made. I'm sure Milton never made any money because by the time the films were finished, there was nothing left for him."

The work of Robert Bloch would figure in Francis's Amicus schedule twice more in 1965. Bloch was the screenwriter for *The Psychopath* and also for *The Deadly Bees*, an adaptation of H.P. Lovecraft's novel *A Taste of Honey*. Despite the late Bloch's stellar reputation as one of the main architects of 20th-century horror, Francis was wholly unimpressed with his screenwriting talents. "I didn't think much of Bloch's scripts at all," he states. "His reputation was sort of overblown because of *Psycho*, but his scripts were so different from the other back writers I seemed to get." The experience Francis had with Bloch's *Deadly Bees* screenplay only reinforced that opinion. "There was very little of Bloch's stuff left in *Deadly Bees*, which was an awful nightmare. I thought his script was terrible and refused to do it, so it was rewritten by Tony Mannott. We were in a mess because they'd already built the [bookkeeper's] farmhouse set and we had to make sure we could still use it. It was the only time in my life when I thought I'd stop making movies."

Autumn 1966 brought two more Amicus films to Francis's doorstep – a science-fiction tale entitled *They Came From Beyond Space* and another Bloch anthology, *Torture Garden*. In the case of the former, it was shot back-to-back with another Amicus sci-fi film, *The Terrencevils*. According to Francis, "they used up most of the money on *The Terrencevils*, so we had no money to spend to give *They Came From Beyond Space* any style. It was pretty awful." *Torture Garden* was a decidedly more



Above: Jimmy Swagart (left) and a muffled Freddie Francis outside a dressing room at Pinewood Studios during production of *Highwaters* around Christmas 1962



Below: Francis (center) directs Don Bessent and Julie Mordant in a scene from *The Psychopath*. When this still was printed in the September 16th edition of *Kine Weekly* in 1965, the film was in production under its working title *Schizo*

Right: Nature rebels in *The Deadly Bees* (1966)



enjoyable experience, as Francis was able to work with a cast that included Burgess Meredith and Jack Palance. His handling of the first episode, *The Man Who Collected Poe*, was so impressive that it left its mark on a budding American film-maker, who would confess this to Francis nearly 25 years later.

"When I was doing *Cape Fear* with Martin Scorsese," he relates, "I told him that I'd been sent a script about the life of Edgar Allan Poe and I didn't want to do it. He told me, 'I think you ought to do it. You direct it and I'll produce it. You're the only one who's done anything good about Poe.' I said, 'I didn't do anything about Poe,' and he answered, 'Yes you did!' and spoke about *The Man Who Collected Poe*..."

Scorsese may have been enthralled by what he was watching in the late 1960s, but Francis was far from being enthralled about what he himself was making. By 1968, he had directed 12 horror and science-fiction films and his early philosophy – quantity rather than quality – was coming back to haunt him. He was now eager to lose the stigma of being strictly a horror director, but he was to find that it was too late – the die had already been cast. "I was trapped because if you turn out a product that makes money in this business, they just want you to keep doing it. There were many other things that I wanted to do: Jane Gaskell wrote a comedic drama called *All Night in Black Stockings*, and [in 1968] my friend Leon Cloze was producing it as a film and wanted me to direct. It was partly financed by Associated British, and Nat Cohen said, 'If you want Freddie to direct horror films I'll give you money, but I don't want him to direct this.' It seemed extremely stupid – I didn't like horror films and didn't want to keep making them. By this time, I was a cult figure with horror fans and was going all over the world to festivals. I didn't like the sort of people I met. I would talk to them about Billy Wilder and William Wyler, but they didn't know what I was talking about. So I'd talk about the *Tod Browning*s and so forth, but they still didn't know. I realised they were interested in horror, but not necessarily films. And that's when I decided I really wanted to get out."

He may have wanted to leave horror behind, but with few other directing opportunities, Francis had to console himself with an abrupt final return to the Hammer stable. An emergency phone call from Anthony Hinds asked him to substitute for an injured Terence Fisher in the latest episode for Christopher Lee's alter ego, Dracula. *His Risen From the Grave*. With no better alternative, Francis agreed and the film went into production in April 1968 – the same month as *All Night in Black Stockings*, ironically, Francis was paired with producer Aida Young, who had never before produced a Gothic horror film and had been called upon to sub for Anthony Nelson Keys. Given her

relative inexperience, Young acquitted herself admirably, although Francis claims that her role was really that of intermediary. "One really worked for Tony; she happened to be there but she was a sort of go-between and had no real say. We certainly worked together, but under Tony's instructions."

Francis's unusual use of coloured filters throughout the film undoubtedly makes a major impression upon it, and it's surprising to learn that this technique was more or less an afterthought, done at cameraman Arthur Grant's instigation.

"Arthur used to get slightly ambitious when he worked with me," says Francis, "and he was always talking about the filters I'd used in *The Innocents*. So we decided to dig them out and use them on this picture."

In addition to his affinity with Arthur Grant, Francis found a kindred spirit in Christopher Lee, with whom he had worked on *Dr. Terror's* and *The Skull*. Both men were growing restless in the genre and searching for greater pastures, and, as Francis confirms, Lee's disenchantment echoed his own.

"Chris always used to say that he wished he could stop doing these things, and by that time, I wished I could stop doing them as well."

"Chris always used to say that he wished he could stop doing these things, and by that time, I wished I could stop doing them as well. So I would listen to him with a certain amount of sympathy. I think at this time he was also battling with Hammer for more money. But he's a professional – these things never affected his performance."

Unfortunately, the lack of fulfilment Francis felt was not helped by head office interference with Dracula. "I shot the film and then went on holiday," he remembers. "By the time I got back, the film had been edited, and I was a bit angry because Hammer hadn't understood the

romance between Paul and Maria and had taken much of it out. But that was Tony and Jim Needs, the editor, I'm sure. Aida had nothing to do with that." Francis himself had nothing more to do with Hammer after the Dracula, primarily due to the departure in 1969 of Anthony Hinds, who had been Francis's sole contact at Hammer House. "I never worked with any of the other people there," he says. "So once Tony left, the Hammer connection was gone."

Jumping from the frying pan into the fire, Francis assumed the director's seat in July 1969 on *Trog*. Produced by long-term schlock-meister Herman Cohen, this tale of a Neanderthal in the modern world was a picture so awful that it seemed a downright deliberate attempt at high camp. In an odd way, it worked – the picture is now a cult film of sorts. Francis, however, doesn't count himself among *Trog*'s newfound admirers. "What a terrible film that was. I did it because of Joan Crawford, and poor Joan by this time was a very sad old lady. We had to have idiot cards all over the place because she couldn't remember her lines. It was the last thing she ever did and she shouldn't



The infamous staking scene from *Dracula: His Risen From the Grave*, Francis's last Hammer picture



Trog, the billion-year man, in action while he terrified Joan Crawford into an "It was the last thing she ever did." Francis remembers, "and she should've done it – neither should I."

have done it – neither should I. She had no friends, and she kept writing sad letters to my wife and I until she died."

After filming Maïse Mosca's stage play of familial madness, *Mummy*, *Nanny*, *Sonny and Grilly* (1969), and moonlighting in Germany on the

abysmal horror sex farce *The Vampire Happening* (1970) – which he disavows – Francis returned to the waiting arms of *Amicus*, who had, by then, signed a co-production arrangement with Charles Fress's Metromedia Producers Corporation to bring the famed EC horror comics of the 1950s to the screen. Francis was put on deck in September 1971 to oversee the first – *Tales From the Crypt*. "I think the portmanteau films are automatically comics anyway," he reasons. "It was nice to be working on a film that was Metromedia's first feature, and it made a fortune – but not for Max and Milton."

Tales was the fifth film in which Francis worked with Peter Cushing, and it was not long after the death of Cushing's beloved wife Helen. Centenary to popular belief, Cushing was not distraught on the set, and the two men decided to work in a homage to Helen in Cushing's episode. "Any time I did a film with Peter we'd always meet a week before," says Francis. "He'd come up to Charing Cross by train and we'd have tea in the station. He mentioned the dead wife in the script and asked if I minded him calling her Helen – I told him I didn't and asked if he wanted to use Helen's pictures, an idea he loved. I didn't find him impaired at all on that picture."

With *Tales*, Francis bid a final farewell to *Amicus*, for whom he had directed seven pictures, more than any other director the company used. "I was getting a bit disenchanted with the set-up – the underbudgeting and so forth. One gets a bit bored with this and having to write 40 minutes of the script each time. So I was really pleased to get away from it."

He'd burned his bridges with both Hammer and *Amicus*, and yet the horror scripts kept coming. In a British film industry undergoing a major recession, about the only films that could find financing in the early 1970s were those that cost little and could return the investment – and horror fit the bill. The reality was plain: if Francis wanted to direct, he would have to direct horror films. Since he had done wonders for rookie Metromedia with a horror film, John Heyman's World Film Services figured Francis could do it for them as well, and in January 1972 he began shooting their first film – a co-production with Tony Tenner's Tigra Films called *The Creeping Flesh*. "A couple of young lads [Peter Spenceley and Jonathan Rumbold] had written this horror story and John Heyman

was going to make it WFS's first film. They asked me to do it and it was much more professional than my other horror films because we had a proper producer in Mike Redburn." Professional, certainly, but audiences felt a bit cheated when the title monster didn't see action until late in the film. "I think with such an outrageous thing as that, the less you see it, the better!" is the director's comment.

On the strength of *The Creeping Flesh*, Francis and Norman Priggen approached John Heyman with a script called *Witness Madness* – written by actress Jennifer Jayne and husband Art Fairbank (hence the credit 'Jay Fairbank') as a fanciful anthology picture. After only a few minutes in Heyman's office and some wrangling with Paramount on the teletype, a deal was struck. As Francis recalls, "Frank Yablans, who ran Paramount, said 'Go ahead and make it purely on having read the reviews for *Tales From the Crypt*. So because of that, we had to call this one *Tales* that *Witness Madness*." But giving his blessing off-the-cuff worked against Yablans, who was a bit surprised at a screening of the rough cut in late 1972. "After we showed it," Francis relates, "I said, 'What'd you think of it, Frank?' and he said, 'It's not a horror film.' I said, 'It was never meant as a horror film, Frank.' So we had to reshoot parts of it and try to make it into a horror film."

The picture was to have one of the strongest casts Francis had ever worked with, including Jack Hawkins (whose throat cancer resulted in his being dubbed by Charles Gray), Joan Collins, Donald Pleasence, Georgia Brown and Kim Novak, who substituted for Rita Hayworth after the latter had simply walked off the picture during filming and never returned. "I think it was the

beginning of her Alzheimer's," Francis suggests. "She purported to be ill, so we arranged with the insurance doctors to let her have a week off. During that week, she just disappeared."

One person who hadn't disappeared, unfortunately for Francis, was Trog's Herman Cohen, who returned to the scene bearing a script based on Henry Seymour's novel *Infernal Idol*. It told of an antique dealer who practises black magic and sacrifices women to an African idol in return for prosperity. Francis was lured in by the casting of Jack Palance in the lead role, and the filming of what became known as *Crusce* began in February of 1973. It turned out to be as big a mistake for all involved as Trog had been, as Francis regrettably confirms. "Even Jack couldn't

help that one. I thought we could've made something of it with Jack, but once again Herman had this old Abe Kandel writing the scripts and I think Abe would do anything Herman told him." Kandel was in good company, however, as the likes of Diane Dors, Dame Edith Evans, Trevor Howard and Hugh



The back cover of the striking press book promoting *Tales From the Crypt*



Long before he re-created Dr Finlay's sidekick, David Pinner starred in 1973's *Legend of the Werewolf*

Griffith all swallowed their pride (in exchange for Cohen's cheque).

If 1973 started on a bad note for Francis, it was to finish on a horrendous chorus. For the first and only time, he was thrust into the alien world of sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll at the behest of none other than Ringo Starr. The coffin lid was closing on Francis's career as a director, and nothing helped to seal his fate more than his involvement in the visually unseen musical comedy *Son of Dracula*. As is the case with many films, the story behind the scenes is much more interesting than anything that wound up on screen. "Ringo called me and said he had this script he wanted me to read," Francis recollects. "In those days, nobody said no to Ringo, so I read it. I told him it was terrible, so he asked me to rewrite it and, with my friends [Jennifer Jayne and Art Finkbein], we wrote a script about the son of Dracula, Count Down. Ringo wanted David Bowie for the lead but Bowie wouldn't do it. So Ringo got Harry Nilsson instead. Ringo asked me what I thought of him and I said, 'He's fine, but he's playing a vampire and there's lots of close shots of his mouth and he's got such terrible teeth!' So they whipped him round to a dentist, pulled all his teeth and replaced them! A week before we started to shoot, Ringo called me to his house and said, 'I've got a very good idea, Freddie - I'm gonna make it a musical!' So a week into the film, we were going to shoot some numbers in a refurbished club called Tupples, but Ringo said we couldn't get the musicians there in the morning. I called him and said, 'What the hell's going on? I want them there at 8 o'clock!' 'I can't get them there at 8 o'clock,' Ringo said. 'They're all too rich!' And that was how the thing went on, what with these people and their drinking and drugs. It was a mad scene, really."

Francis had had enough. He was sick of horror, sick of being pigeonholed and sick of crazy projects. The only thing that could convince him to make another horror film was, ironically, blood - family blood. As it turned out, his son Kevin had become an independent producer with the Lana Turner thriller *Persecution* (1973), and his company Tyburn was set to produce two period horror films from Anthony Hinds scripts. The first, *The Ghoul*, went on the Pinewood floor in March 1974, and reunited Francis with Peter Cushing and Veronica Carlson in a 'thing in the attic' tale. August 1974, meanwhile, saw the Pinewood production of *Legend of the Werewolf*, a revision of Hinds's earlier *The Curse of the Werewolf*. "I don't think I would've done those if my son hadn't produced them," Francis admits. "I thought I was helping him out. Not, mind you, that the experience was an unpleasant one. I had a lot of friends around me on these two films, and I really enjoyed being back at Pinewood and working with Peter Veronica, dear old Ron Moody and my old friend Roy Castle."

Despite the announcement that Francis would direct Tyburn's *The Sorcerer* in the summer of 1975, with a script by Hinds and featuring Cushing, Shirley Bassey and (possibly) Orson Welles, the film would never be made. With the exception of episodic television, Francis's directorial career was to lay dormant for ten years. As he attests, he was just bored with it all and saw little hope on the horizon. "I just didn't want to make any more horror films and that was all I was being offered. I did hope to do some other things, but

"I just didn't want to make any more horror films and that was all I was being offered. I did hope to do some other things, but *The Elephant Man* came along."

The Elephant Man came along. In October 1979, the rebirth of Freddie Francis as a cinematographer took place under the direction of the eccentric wunderkind David Lynch. After shooting *The French Lieutenant's Woman* (1981), Francis rejoined Lynch in March 1983 at Churubusco Studios in Mexico for the epic science-fiction film *Dune*. It was an assignment accepted on the basis of friendship, and Francis was to quickly find out that working for Dino De Laurentiis means striving to stabilise a hopelessly overblown and overpriced film. "I didn't like the picture; it was it only for David. I hate special effects - when I shoot a picture, I like what I shoot to go on the screen and not to be diffused by lots of other things. It was much too slow and I tried to tell David this. It was about four hours when we shot it, and cutting it to two hours didn't speed it up. David did create some nice things to look at, though."

Not long after the *Dune* débâcle, the opportunity finally arose for Francis to direct a story he'd long wanted to make. At the start of 1985, with backing from Mel Brooks, whose company had produced *The Elephant Man*, he began filming *The Doctor and the Devils*, the latest in a long line of tales inspired by the legend of Dr Knox and grave robbers Burke and Hare. It was Francis's first time in the director's chair in a decade, but his comeback would be bitter-sweet. "Around the time of *Creeping Flesh* and *Witness Madness* I met a doctor, who was involved with [director] Nicholas Ray. The doctor had gotten



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Filmography

A film-directing credits. Television work includes episodes of *The Saint*, *Men in a Suitcase*, *The Adventures of Black Beauty*, and *Solar Murders*.

- 1962 *Two and Two Make Six: The Day of the Triffids* (additional scenes only), *Vengeance*, *Prometheus*
- 1963 *Nightmare*
- 1964 *The End of Frankenstein*, *Frankenstein*
- 1965 *Dr Terror's House of Horrors*, *Dracula's Galle*, *The Skull*
- 1966 *The Psychopaths: The Deadly Bees*
- 1967 *They Came From Beyond Space*, *Torture Garden*
- 1968 *(Over the Hills and Far Away)*, *The Intrepid Mr Tongue* (short)
- 1969 *Maissy*, *Nanny*, *Sunny and Gilly*
- 1970 *Tong*, *The Vampire Happening*
- 1972 *Tales From the Crypt*, *The Creeping Flesh*, *Tales That Witness Madness*
- 1973 *Cruel: Son of Dracula*
- 1974 *The Ghoul*
- 1975 *Legend of the Werewolf*
- 1977 *Golden Rendezvous* (additional scenes only)
- 1980 *The Doctor and the Devils*
- 1980 *Dark Terror* (as Ken Burnett)

the rights to a Dylan Thomas script about Dr Knox from Nick - who'd begun shooting it until the producer ran off with the money. We'd been trying to set it up since the mid-seventies. Dylan wrote it with an end-justifying-the-means theme and I tried to make it that way, but the final scenes that dealt with that question were cut out. So the points didn't come over. It was a bit like what happened with the *Dracula* picture."

Several years have passed since Francis lost directed a feature, but one could probably say that he's more respected and professionally fulfilled now than ever. In 1990, he won his second Oscar for *Glory*, and he can boast of working with some of the top directors in the business - Bruce Beresford

(*Her Alibi*, 1989), Robert Mulligan (*The Moon in the Moon*, 1991) and, of course, Martin Scorsese. Taking a final look back at his own directorial efforts, Francis chooses to remember the process rather than the product. "Even with the ghastly scripts I've done, with a couple of exceptions I always enjoyed making the movies." At 78 years old, Freddie Francis is still enjoying making movies, safe in the knowledge that he is finally freed from the dark shadow of all those horror films.





As lovelorn barmaid Zena, **Barbara Ewing** fell under the Count's spell in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*. **Jonathan Rigby** caught up with the actress on tour in Bristol, to take tea and talk cheesecake...

"Five or six years ago," recalls Barbara Ewing, "I was doing Mrs Warren's Profession on tour with the Cambridge Theatre Company. After a matinee in Warwick, I got this message over the tannoy that there were some people to see me. So I went out and there were these two very white-faced boys waiting for me. They were nice boys, and they had with them a French book, full of colour photos of *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, which they wanted me to sign. They were horror film freaks and they'd never been to the theatre before, it was a new experience for them. They'd come all the way to Warwick to see me and sat through Mrs Warren's Profession to meet me afterwards and get the programme signed. I thought that was rather good. If Hammer can have that effect..."

Hammer's unlikely rôle in keeping alive the theatre-going habit comes under discussion in a salubly theatrical setting, over tea and chocolate biscuits in Barbara's dressing room at the Bristol Old Vic. Theatregoers in the South West had the rare treat, in March and April, of seeing her unique interpretation of Mrs Hardcastle in Goldsmith's *She Swoops to Conquer*, which is certainly a far cry from the earthy Zena of *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, one of the most memorable of Hammer's many vampire lovers.

"There really is something extraordinary about these films", Barbara reminisces. "I did *Torture Garden* first. That was an Amicus picture for Columbia which was directed by Freddie Francis. He was my mentor really, because having cast me in *Torture Garden* he put me straight into *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, which was his next picture. He was a lovely man, and such a fantastic cinematographer. His son, Kevin, I remember, was a runner on the *Dracula* picture. Anyway, *Torture Garden* was a series of short stories with Michael Bryant and myself and a Canadian actress called Beverly Adams as the linking characters. As soon as we got going, Beverly and I were

sent to Vidal Sassoon to have our hair done, and she ended up marrying him, thanks entirely to *Torture Garden*. Jack Palance was in it too, and when he invited me out to dinner I nearly fainted. I mean, I used to save his picture when I was a kid, and I was just out of drama school and Jack Palance was taking me out to dinner! It was the most thrilling experience of my life and it was the first time I'd ever seen people go up to an actor and say, 'Just a minute - I know you!', and they'd be kind of prodding him and touching him in the lift. He'd be tremendously cool about it, of course.

"John Sturding was my boyfriend in that and his mother's ghost got into a grand piano and killed me. This grand piano was playing the Death March and pushed me across the room and out of the window. All very plausible! That was my first film, and I'd not done any belly at that point, only theatre - so I learned a few interesting lessons from it. Burgess Meredith, who had a very slight palsy even then, would be saying a line and in the middle of it he'd start swearing! He took me aside and said, 'That's what you do, dear, if you don't think

the line's gone very well. If you don't like the take, just swear, 'cos then they'll have to cut it.' The funniest thing of all, though, was working with Michael Bryant. He'd be chatting away and they'd say, 'Stand by' and he'd simply turn his head and he wouldn't change his voice tone from the way he was speaking to you, to the way he was talking in front of the camera. You've got to learn camera technique somehow - and we certainly weren't taught it at RADA - so I learned it from Michael Bryant. Sometimes people go 'up' for the camera but it doesn't work at all."

Barbara vincedes, however, that the 'conversational' approach wouldn't work for everyone, least of all for Christopher Lee in the decidedly un-chatty rôle of Count Dracula. "Well, Christopher was very aware that he was doing something quite different to the rest of us, who were all playing 'real' people.

"I used to save his picture when I was a kid, and I was just out of drama school and Jack Palance was taking me out to dinner!"

He took it all very, very seriously; to my observation, there was nothing tongue-in-cheek about his way of working at all. He was deadly serious about it. It's the same with something outrageous like *She Sleeps to Conquer* because, in my opinion, whatever you're acting in, you have to believe in it every second. The moment you start any 'nudge-nudge, wink-wink', it all collapses. And in the *Dracula* picture there was never a flicker of sending it up. Freddie certainly took it seriously - he was from serious stuff - and the producer, Aida Young, whom I got on very well with, was absolutely serious too. Of course, I was just starting in the profession - I was jolly lucky to be doing any films at all - so I was serious about everything at that time. I'd just play the scenes and I'd really be going for it and I could've had my back to the camera if Freddie hadn't stopped me. I was unaware of such technicalities because I'd been playing leads in the theatre and the culture clash was quite considerable."

But Barbara, whose second ever job was playing Nora in *A Gull's House* at the Bristol Old Vic, had already suffered a culture clash far profounder than that between Henrik Ibsen and Hammer horror. "I'm a New Zealander and I got a scholarship to come over here. In the sixties, anyone who showed any talent at all was immediately shipped off to England. And there was nothing to go back to at that time - there was no film industry, hardly any theatre and, of course, it's a very small country. It has just three million people, and there are probably three million here in Bristol. It's a very different story nowadays, what with *Heavenly Creatures*, *An Angel at My Table*, *Over the Witches*, *The Piano* and all these films. But back then, I found myself in England and it was all very, very difficult. So I decided that, as soon as *RAGA* was over, I'd go home. But then I got the Gold Medal and a lot of agent interest and I said to myself, 'Oh well, I'll just stay for a minute,' and here we are, many, many years later! I've never quite become an English person, though. At *RAGA* they were so determined to get

rid of my accent - these days they wouldn't be quite so single-minded. I'm sure - and it was a very, very big culture shock. I'm surprised I survived it. Maybe it was at some price to some part of myself," she laughs. "But in a way I'm quite lucky because I do act in New Zealand whenever I'm asked. I did *Bianche du Bois* in Wellington, for instance. It doesn't have the tradition or the class system of here, so it's a very different way of working." Straight after *Mrs Hardcastle*, in fact, Barbara went into a particularly intriguing

Antipodean project, playing the title role in a Maori production of Brecht's *Mother Courage*.

Barbara recently revisited the horror genre, playing the lethal lollipop lady in the Number Six instalment of Yorkshire Television's *Chiller* series, but she recalls her stint in the golden age of British horror with special fondness. "They've got a sort of nostalgic appeal, those films, haven't they? Because it's kind of innocent, that kind of horror. There was a sort of innocence around in those days, though I expect the Carveras guys knew what they were up to. All that sexual innuendo in the Hammer films! The bedroom scene with Barry Andrews, incidentally, was the first time I'd ever kissed anyone on screen. Freddie was very sweet about it: he said, 'Don't worry, we'll clear the studio.' It all seems so silly now!"

"I remember them saying to me, 'Bring along your starlet's kit and we'll do some photographs.' Well, I didn't have any starlet's kit - this was the sixties, so all I had were mini-dresses and things like that. I remember the photographer - some very old guy who'd obviously been taking these shots for years and



Illustration by Nick Robinson
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"Whatever you're acting in, you have to believe in it every second. The moment you start any 'nudge-nudge, wink-wink', it all collapses."



"DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE"

CHRISTOPHER LEE RUPERT DAVIES



years - saying to me, 'Now lick your lips and blow a kiss to the camera.' And I simply burst into tears! I was just hopeless at all that. As a matter of fact, I've got an extremely funny photo from that session, rather like an old Betty Grable cheesecake shot only more vulgar. I used to hide it but I don't care about it now. I'm in the boots and the stockings and

"I'm actually quite a small person, and at the time I weighed about seven stone, but thanks to Hammer's wardrobe mistress I was made to look... well, you've seen the film!"

suspenders and the special Hammer bosom. I'm actually quite a small person, and at the time I weighed about seven stone, but thanks to Hammer's wardrobe mistress I was made to look... well, you've seen the film! She taught me this little bosom trick,

which many years later I learned over to Agnes Fitchchild in *Brass*. So you can look at Zena and Agnes and compare and contrast!"

In the Granada series *Bress*, Barbara lampooned her own usage as "the dove, sexually repressed Northern matron. After *Country Matters*, which was my first big belly and which was nominated for an Emmy, I was in *Sam*.



Geoff Ainslie, Barbara Bress and Timothy West in *Bress*. "When I had the idea of using the Hammer bosom, they were so thrilled it soon became a feature of the scripts," Barbara remembers.

That, together with *Hard Times*, got me typecast for a while, rather curiously for a New Zealander, as people coming from somewhere between Manchester and Leeds. So when I went to the interview for *Bress*, the authors said, 'Oh no, not her! She's the one we're sending up!' I said to them, 'Well, why can't I send myself up?' And when I had the idea of using the Hammer bosom, they were so thrilled it soon became a feature of the scripts."

In addition to numerous television appearances, she's also had a novel published and written her own one-woman show (about Russian revolutionary Alexandra Kollontai), which has toured all over the world. "Also, having met Dean Hooper on *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, I did some interesting work for him at the Greenwich Theatre when he first

opened it. It's very established now, but it



was always his 'baby'. Very good actor.

Extraordinary that Hammer chose to dub him, he was extremely upset about that. When he had to put me on the fire, they hadn't told me that there were some firemen behind the furnace ready to 'believe it up' at the appropriate moment. So I screamed and they had to cut. I was doing the Burgess Meredith trick but completely involuntarily! I got such a fright. Another frightening bit was being chased by that coach. The stuntman kept saying, 'Don't worry, I shan't catch up with you', but the old hoves seemed to be pounding very, very close to me as I ran through that forest!"

Barbara agrees that there's a great missed opportunity in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*. By a quirk of Tony Hinds's script, Zena is prevented from joining Hammer's distinguished line of lady vampires: no sooner has she sprouted fangs than Dracula orders the priest to shove her into the furnace.

"Well, she'd just discovered that *Dracula* was only using her to get to whatever her name was - Maria - so I doubt whether, in that overwrought state, Zena would have agreed to come back as a vampire! But I do remember thinking, 'Gosh, it cost them a lot of money to get these fangs fitted, so why didn't they show them some more!' And I was very excited because I thought I might get to keep them. But oh no, they weren't having any of that! They wouldn't let anyone else, I thought, so what would they use them for? But coming back as a vampire... wouldn't that have been great?"





Clerical Duties

Central to the Count's machinations in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* was his reluctant disciple, the priest. Adam Jezard defrocks actor Ewan Hooper.

Already an established theatre and television performer, Ewan believes he was asked to join the cast of *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* as he had already worked with director Freddie Francis in television. "Freddie was a splendid director," Ewan recalls. "He was sympathetic and creative as far as the actors were concerned and, of course, he brought all that experience as a cameraman and a film-maker to it."

Ewan's rôle called upon him to discover the body of a young girl - drained of blood, needless to say - stilled inside the bell of his church tower and to trail the Monsignor, played by Rupert Davies, through the mountains to nail a cross to the door of Castle Dracula. It is on this journey that the priest trips, cutting open his head, and it is this blood which revives the vampire Count, who sets out to avenge himself on the Monsignor and makes the priest an unwilling instrument of his revenge.

"People still remember me in it, especially after it's just been on television and it's fresh in their memory," says Ewan. "What I remember most is having a good time. There were some really talented people making it, and I remember we just enjoyed it very much. Probably the reason why it was successful, and the others too, was that people enjoyed working on them."

Ewan has fond memories of his co-stars. "Rupert Davies had, I think, been playing Margret just prior to the making of the film," Ewan says. "All I can remember was that he was very nice."

The thing I remember most, however, was having lunches with Christopher Lee. He was fascinating, and although lots of people have talked about it since, we were amazed to find out he had been an intelligence officer and had interviewed the leading Nazis at the end of the war."

Coming from television productions, which were still mostly recorded

in sequence from beginning to end almost as theatrical performances, going onto the set of a major movie was a change of pace. "In television there was a lot of pressure on us to go through the performance without stopping," he explains. "We were filmed with five cameras, because videotape editing was very expensive. You had to look upon it more or less as if it were a stage play. Film was quite different from that, doing it all back to front and taking a lot of trouble over each individual shot, which would come together in the editing room. It was a different technique altogether."

The actor was also impressed by the facilities at Pinewood Studios, where the indoor sequences were filmed. "It was quite a big studio," he says. "It was where they filmed the Bond movies and the Chitty Chitty Bang Bang. I had mostly worked in television, and it was pretty impressive

stuff I thought. The kind of detail that went into the work on the big sound stages was quite incredible."

For the scenes in which Ewan is seen driving Dracula's hearse and for some of the climbing sequences with Rupert Davies and Barry Andrews, as the film's hero, Ewan remembers being taken on location to Surrey. "I remember Box Hill, because both Barry and I were crazy about rugby and we used to kick a ball about up there."

During Dracula's death scene, Ewan had to recite a prayer in Latin - it being an added script device that the king vampire wouldn't die unless scripture was read over him by a true believer after the monster was staked - but learning the ancient text proved no problem for the actor. "I learned the prayer in sections," Ewan recalls. "That made it easier!"

Despite some happy memories, one unfortunate post-production incident served to mar the experience for Ewan. "I got a phone call one day asking me to go along for some dubbing sessions, but I was so busy I didn't have time," he remembers. "Freddie Francis was out of the country, but he called me when he got back, very upset my part had been totally redubbed. The producer had done it while he was away. Freddie told me to get my agent on to it, but unfortunately it was in the contract and there was nothing we could do. I was very angry about it and it's probably one of the reasons why I have never seen the film."

Ewan confesses not to be surprised that people still remember *Dracula*

"Freddie Francis was out of the country, but he called me when he got back, very upset my part had been totally redubbed... it's probably one of the reasons why I have never seen the film."

Has Risen From the Grave, but he is amazed at the amount of times it is shown on television. "It seems to crop up fairly regularly," he says. "You think, 'if only I were getting royalties,' but that's all our fault. We were offered extra money to buy our exploitation rights, and thought, 'that's great, we're getting extra money up front,' without realising it would have been a great deal more sensible to take the royalties."

After the film's release in 1968, Ewan opened the Greenwich Theatre, which he had been raising money for and building in the seven years prior to its launch in 1969, and which he ran until 1978. He also had a leading rôle as Detective Smith in the successful 1960s series *Plaster's Walk*, which ran for 39 episodes. Although his main love is theatre, Ewan also gave a memorable and moving performance as Julie Walters' father in the 1987 film *Personal Services*. "I was one of the few characters who didn't take my clothes off or put women's clothes on in that film," he laughs. Now a member of the Royal Shakespeare Company, Ewan is acting in three plays, *The Broken Heart*, *Henry V* and *Convolutions*, all of which will be transferring to the Barbican in London by September for a repertory season.

Denis Meikle tells
the tale of Hammer Film
Productions' finest hour.

Royal Blood

"I am here this morning as Her Majesty's Lieutenant in the County of Buckingham to present to your company the Queen's Award to Industry 1968... You are the first British film production company to receive the Queen's Award, and this is a distinction of which you can all be proud. Your company has made over one hundred films. These films have been played with much success in all parts of the world, which shows that the work produced by your company is of the highest quality and technical achievement."

Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd

It was during the final week of shooting on *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* that Hammer Film Productions was presented with the Queen's Award to Industry for 1968, in recognition of having generated export earnings of nearly £3million in the three years from 1965 to 1967.

The presentation of the Award was scheduled to be made at noon on Wednesday 29th May at Pinewood Studios, and the Queen's representative for the occasion, Brigadier Sir Henry Floyd, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Buckingham, was to tour the set beforehand in the company of the Hammer directors - James Carreras, Anthony Hinds and Brian Lawrence, look in on the shooting (which, incidentally, happened to be of the last scene in the film), and meet the cast. His introduction to the star of *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, Christopher Lee, came as he watched the actor writhing in agony as Count Dracula struggled with a metre-long cross of gold rammed through his chest! Sir Henry's speech, prepared in advance (in consultation with Carreras) and delivered only a few minutes later, contained the following ironic passage: "I know that you have had great success with what are termed 'horror films', but I was glad to learn from your Chairman that the word 'horror' does not include scenes of actual personal violence...". The assembled guests managed to maintain admirably straight faces, but there were those among them who wondered if

Press 4—The Daily Express

Hammer receive Queen's Award

THE QUEEN'S AWARD to Industry 1968 was presented to Hammer Films by Sir Henry Floyd, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Buckinghamshire, at a ceremony which took place at Pinewood Studios on Wednesday 29 May.

HAMMER FILMS, who are currently producing "Dracula Rises From The Grave" at Pinewood, tendered a luncheon to Sir Henry and Lady Floyd at the studios and among others present were Christopher Lee, Peter Cushing, Varoian Carbon, Tony Nelson Keys, Aida Young, John Trevelyan, Barbara Ewing, and executives and members of the staff of Hammer Films.

JAMES CARRERAS, Tony Hinds and Brian Lawrence, directors of Hammer, hosted the function.



- 1 The Hammer staff with the Queen's Award.
- 2 Arthur Banks, of the Queen's Award to Industry 1968.
- 3 James Carreras, Peter Cushing, and Tony Hinds.
- 4 Tony Hinds, Sir John Trevelyan and Aida Young.
- 5 Sir Henry Floyd, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Buckinghamshire, presenting the Queen's Award to Industry 1968 to a member of the Hammer staff.
- 6 Douglas Harker, Michael Barker, and Varoian Carbon.

the Brigadier had actually seen what he had just been looking at.

The Award itself was received on behalf of Hammer by long-serving construction manager Arthur Banks, in front of Carreras, Hinds, Lee, the cast and crew of the film as well as other Pinewood staff, a contingent of the national press - and Peter Cushing, who had been invited along to join in the celebrations. A photo-call took place outside Pinewood's Green Room (which can be glimpsed as part of the village set in the film), and the whole gathering then sat down to a luncheon of salmon, strawberries, and pink champagne.



Now the exporters' accolade is going to
 the dollar-spinning horror film makers

DRACULA AND CO. WIN QUEEN'S AWARD

Hammer's formal application to be considered for the Award had been submitted by James Carreras to the Office of the Queen's Award to Industry in October 1967. An audited breakdown of the company's trading results for the three previous years accompanied the application, which showed that foreign earnings for Hammer's films were close to £300,000 for the year ending September 1965, just under £1 million for the next twelve months, and over in respect of the same period for 1967. This represented an increase from 47% to 82% in the ratio of foreign to domestic revenue for those three years. (The fact that the UK take for Hammer's films had declined by more than 50% in the same three-year period was of little relevance in context.)

"This company has made a very real and substantial contribution to the United Kingdom's balance of payments," Carreras wrote. "While the actual amounts may appear to be relatively modest as compared with, for example, large industrial organisations in other industries, they do represent, we believe, a considerably and consistently higher level of export earnings than is the case generally in the film industry. In fact the percentage increase in our overseas receipts at a time when the home market has remained static, underlines the extent of this company's achievement in the export field."

The Hammer board were informed that their application had been approved for an Award on 10th April 1968, and James Carreras was quick to suggest that the presentation be made at Hammer House in Soho's Window Street (to save the company the embarrassment of receiving it in an empty studio, since Hammer had vacated Ruy in the interim). "Lords Lieutenant have heavy commitments," Hammer was informed. "In general, presentation at a factory is much preferred to a ceremony at head office." In response to the Office's egalitarian ideal of inducting all of those responsible for a company's achievements in the "prize-giving," the venue was quickly switched to Pinewood instead, where "a Dracula subject" was now in production. In his letter of confirmation to Sir Henry Floyd, Carreras advised, "Hammer Film Productions are the only British production company ever to receive the Queen's Award. Hammer has grown . . . to the leading position as an independent production company in the British film industry. We have made over one hundred films and they have played most successfully in all parts of the world." In a reference to the change of venue, he added (to correct his previous error). "We will have with us technicians who have been with us for twenty years or more and, as I explained to you, we are tenants at the Rank studio at Pinewood, but we thought it would be a good idea to receive our presentation at a studio, where all these productions are created . . ."

Among the 84 other recipients of the Award that year were Rolls-Royce, Deco, ICI, GEC, Vacuum Research Ltd of Norfolk, Severnside Foods Ltd of Bristol, the Rank Taylor Hobson Division of the Rank Organisation (which had itself won the Award two years running), and the Northern Ireland office of Guinness - but it was Hammer that received most of the press attention. In breaking an official embargo on the announce-

ment, the Daily Sketch of Saturday 20th April led the field: "DRACULA AND CO. WIN QUEEN'S AWARD" ran the front-page banner headline, indicating other news of the day to the inside pages of the paper. "After twelve blood-soaked years of honor, Hammer Film Productions is to receive the highest honour Britain can give to a dollar-earner - the Queen's Award to Industry," proclaimed reporters Fergus Cashlin and Sydney Breeman. "Colonel Jim Carreras, chairman of the film firm that grew up with Dracula, Frankenstein and Zombies, commented last night. 'I'm shocked . . . but

Opposite page: Colonel James Carreras in his office, July 1968. A Henry Club Award admits the well - even greater accolades were to come.

The ceremony at Pinewood Studios was given extensive coverage in the Daily Cinema.

Left: The Daily Sketch of 20th April 1968 trumpeted the news of Hammer's success.

Below: Charlie Drake's message of congratulation concealed a thorny veiled threat to throw the Colonel at golf. Hammer had previously awarded in Drake's 1960 film *Swords of the Desert*.



delighted, of course. 'Dracula - otherwise Christopher Lee - was impressed, but not altogether surprised. 'Why not? We provide global entertainment. We get fan mail from every country behind the iron curtain . . . It is a magnificent thing. We have made a significant contribution to the British economy.' Col. Carreras said at his home at Forest Row, Sussex, that Hammer has brought £5 million into Britain in the past three years. And most of it has been made with honor and blood." Cashlin and Breeman concluded.

The Daily Telegraph's report of the same day spoke also of an "estimated" £5 million - a rounded-up exaggeration of the actual amount, just as the 70% average export earnings became 80% in Sunday's News of the World - but that's showbusiness. The Award . . . goes to Hammer Films, the ghoulish and gore specialists," David Ross announced. "This means that films like The Brides of Dracula and Frankenstein Created Woman have received a royal accolade."

The remainder of the nation's deliries joined in the throng on Monday 22nd April, the day after the embargo was lifted. Perhaps because Hammer's latest horror film, which was to commence production that very morning, was another "Dracula subject", The Times concentrated on the part played



and
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 Lee
 Floyd,
 Carreras
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 the
 "Daily
 Sketch
 cartoon."

(literally) by Christopher Lee in the Hammer success story. (At this juncture, Lee had only played Dracula twice, whereas Peter Cushing's Baron Frankenstein had indulged in his nefarious activities on four separate occasions.) "Why... has such success come to Hammer's monster-in-chief, Mr Christopher Lee, who can justifiably be described as a typical Englishman," asked Henry Blyth, who then proceeded to provide an answer of sorts to his own curious question. "A product of Wellington [College], a prominent cricketer, a scratch golfer, and a man of Edwardian demeanour - tall of figure, austere, and immaculately dressed... Dracula, in the person of Mr Lee, has never been seen as a figure of fun, and the character has never been parodied. There is a touch of pathos, almost of tragedy in the man. Thus there is nothing really incongruous about an actor who spends much of his time in the Gothic gloom of a medieval dungeon, casting long and agonised glances, and the rest of it thinking difficult parts at Sunningdale, for to each task must be brought a careful and refined technique: a staid and even austere approach..."

"There are other studios making horror films," Blyth went on to observe, "but without an equal success. The answer, of course, is that Hammer have the knack. They have a feel for the period, just as Bram Stoker had it, Sax Rohmer had it, and Robert Louis Stevenson had it. The title of Hammer's next production is significant. It is *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*. The fact that he's been doing so now for more than a decade with the regularity of a jack in the box is immaterial. It is back to the dungeons for the art director and back to the cemetery for Mr Lee. Dracula is rising again and long may he continue to do so."

The Daily Express also found itself in the Lee camp when it came to apportioning credit for the achievement. "Hammer Films, which makes most of the British horror movies, has been given one of the Queen's Awards," wrote Alex Palmer. "But it is really Mr Lee, its monster king, who should collect." Lee was then given an opportunity to expound his views on horror films - and on being Hammer's "monster king." He did so at some length. "If you are Sean Connery, known as James Bond, then you go on making Bond pictures. If you are Christopher Lee, known as Count Dracula, then you go on being Dracula," the actor explained. "But these films aren't easy to do. To take a story and a part which we know is unbelievable and make an audience believe that what they are seeing can happen is almost impossible, especially in the Western world which is so cynical... I'm very grateful for being a predominant performer in a small field. In showbusiness that is very important. Stars who are made overnight come in packs of twenty. They flare up and burn out. But, as an actor who has devoted his life to acting, I hope I can go on finding parts, varying the mixture from time to time. Of course I would like to do big things other than fantasies, because I know I am capable. Meanwhile I'll do the occasional fantasy and continue to be popular. I find that very satisfying."

James Carreras analysed the reasons behind the popularity of Hammer's horror films in his own inimitable way, in a three-minute item for Radio 4's *The World This Weekend*. "When the first Frankenstein in colour showed at the Warner Theatre about ten years ago, we used to know how successful

"What was the most horrific film you ever made?" Warcham pursued. "I think the first Dracula," Carreras replied. "They'd never seen blood in real before; they'd never seen it in its proper colour and they hadn't. I don't think, seen the stake and the fangs dripping the blood in colour before... Whereas they used to do it very well twenty years ago - you know, the Bela Lugosi and the Boris Karloffs - I don't think they're as frightening as old Christopher Lee. I think he scares people more than anybody else." Asked if



he thought horror films "with plenty of blood and fear and horror" had become a way of life now, Carreras pinched his exit-line from Blyth. "If the Award signifies anything, and the amount of dollars we earn from overseas countries has anything to do with it, they are a way of life everywhere - and long may it continue."

In the meantime, telegrams of congratulation were pouring into Hammer House, and singing out James Carreras for much of the praise. The first of them came from Earl Mountbatten, who had heard the news in advance from his own inside source: Vice-Admiral Ronald Brockman, executive director of the Variety Club of Great Britain. Anthony Crosland, President of the Board of Trade, had followed him, but almost as quick off the mark were Peter Cushing ("You must be very proud and deservedly so"); BBC Secretary John Trevelyan ("Great news"); several old army buddies and fellow Variety Club members; a cross-section of film industry colleagues and suppliers; Patrick Williamson - UK managing director of Columbia Pictures; Henry Halsted, BBC radio's resident film critic; Peter Haig, various bank, insurance company and pension fund managers - including one from the Bank of America ("Feel proud to know you"); Hammer scriptwriter and former cameraman, Peter Bryant; and many others. Some tried to sell their goods and services amid the applause, but most simply wanted to wish Hammer and its corporate head the very best of British.

The news was picked up in the US as well - brief articles appeared in the Washington Evening Star and the industry's trade paper, *Variety*. After the Pinewood bash, one British trade journal - *The Daily Cinema* - would return to the story in its issue of 5th June, and run a picture-spread on the Award ceremony itself. The Daily Mail's Douglas Marlborough, who had attended, would also cover the actual event. Beneath a photograph of Lee as Dracula (with *Risen From the Grave* co-stars Barbara Ewing and Veronica Carlson by his side), Marlborough was to give his readers a quick run-down of the party, and end on a more pragmatic note than Henry Blyth had in *The Times*. On the question of why Hammer made horror films, he would quote James Carreras in reply: "For the money."

With the famous cogs-and-coronet Award flag fluttering regally above Hammer House, executives and officers of the company were soon adorning themselves with all the approved epiphenomena - neckties, lapel-badges, cuff-links - to advertise the fact that Hammer had come of age as an industrial concern. In the case of the Queen's Award, however, the Royal Warrant was not bestowed in perpetuity; the Grant of Appointment that allowed Award-holders to display the crown-copyright emblem lapsed after five years from the date on which the Award was announced.

Five years down the road from 20th April 1968, Sir James Carreras would have sold the company with which Her Majesty the Queen had been so "graciously pleased" to his son, Michael - with his resignation as chairman and chief executive official taking effect from midnight on the last day of 1972.

By the time Michael Carreras came to assume control of Hammer Film Productions, even the coveted blue flag of the Queen's Award to Industry was not to be part of the fixtures and fittings for very long.



we were by the number of people who used to faint," he informed interviewer Geoffrey Warcham. "In fact I used to ring up the manager the next morning and say: 'Well, how many faints did we have last night? And then I'd know what sort of returns we were doing. But they've got used to them now, and we don't have anybody fainting at all.'"

"You can't keep a good man down!"

US advertisement





DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE

Cast and credits

Dracula	Christopher Lee
Monsieur [Ernst Muller]	Rupert Davies
Maria [Muller]	Veronica Corison
Zena	Borboru Ewing
Paul	Berry Andrews
Priest	Ewan Hooper
Anna [Muller]	Marion Mothie
Student	John D Collins
Landlord	George A Cooper
Farmer	Chris Cunningham
Boy	Norman Bacon
Girl in bell [Gizela Heinz]	Corrie Baker *
Stuntman	Eddie Powell *

Music composed by	James Bernard
Musical Supervisor	Philip Martell
Director of Photography	Arthur Grant BSC
Supervising Art Director	Bernard Robinson
Supervising Editor	James Needs
Production Manager	Christopher Sutton
Editor	Spencer Reeve
Assistant Director	Dennis Robertson
Camera Operator	Murray Grant
Sound Recordist	Kee Rowkins
Sound Editor	Wilfred Thompson
Continuity	Doris Mortie
Make-up	Heather Nurse
Hair Stylist	Rosemarie McDonald-Pentle
Wardrobe Mistress	Wanda Kelley
Special Effects	Jill Thompson
Matte Artist	Frank George
Construction Manager	Peter McKee
Boom Operator	Arthur Banks
Runner	Harry Fairbairn *
Screenplay by	Kevin Francis *
Based on the character	John Eider ♦
created by	Bram Stoker
Produced by	Aldo Young
Directed by	Freddie Francis

* Uncredited in finished print
♦ Pseudonym for Anthony Hinds

Credit order from film print, then in order of appearance. Names in square brackets are given on-screen but uncredited.

A Hammer Film Production
Certificata 'X'
Duration 92 minutes, length 8.183 feet
Produced at Pinewood Studios, London, England
Technicolor
Released by Warner Bros. - Seven Arts
Copyright © MCMLXVIII Hammer Film Productions Limited
All rights reserved

The Characters

COUNT DRACULA

"There is a girl... the niece of the Monsignor... bring her to me." Providentially resurrected from a watery grave, Dracula finds himself locked out of his own castle. Like any indignant home-owner, he sets off in pursuit of the man responsible. Operating out of the coffin of young Gisèle Heinz, he's content to leave the leg work to two accomplices, one of whom - Zena - becomes addicted to his embraces. But Zena is a bit too brassy for Dracula's tastes; the corruption of innocence is what he's really after.

THE MONSIGNOR

"I am not unacquainted with evil. The question is: what am we going to do about it?"

The Monsignor radiates old-world warmth and charm, together with a sizeable dose of old-world intolerance when he finds himself dining with youthful atheists. A firm believer in the hands-on approach to his vocation, he's fearless and resourceful - exorcising Castle Dracula in a spirit of "business as usual" and later wasting no time in pursuing the vampire over the Kleinsberg rooftops. Only a handful of roof tiles can stop him.

MARIA

"I must go home. Mother will be wondering where I am..." Birthday girl Maria is unsure whether her relationship with Dracula constitutes a dream or a nightmare. Though surrounded still by childhood dolls - and acutely conscious of what her widowed mother might think - she is far from being the child others take her for. Until Dracula intervenes, that is, whereupon she sinks into a state of white-robed catatonia and is barely heard from again.

ZENA

"Does she kiss you like that? I'd bet she doesn't."

To the local students, Zena is the Café Johann's star attraction. She's liberally endowed with boyfriends but, accommodatingly, has "always got room for one more". Maria makes sure she doesn't succeed in accommodating Paul, however, so Zena is full of unrequited desire when she runs into Dracula. But he, too, is more interested in Maria, making Zena violently jealous. Dracula is not amused, and soon Zena is not merely a discarded lover but a decidedly dead one.

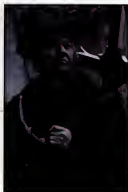
PAUL

"I always have to go and tell the truth. Why can't I make a lot of polite conversation like everybody else?"

According to his employer Max, Paul is "a good boy" who'll "go far". But his search for the truth - and his commitment to sharing it with others - poses a serious threat to his progress. The Monsignor, for instance, is outraged by Paul's claims to be an atheist. But, once he's been brought face to face with God's earthly opposite, Paul subsequently "finds God" in record time.

THE PRIEST

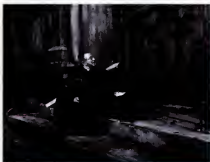
"Dear God - when shall we be free? When shall we be free of his evil?" Slow, sinister and spiritless, the priest must be painfully aware of the irony when he claims to have come to the Café Johann "on church business". Triggered by a traumatic experience in his own belly, his loss of faith reaches crisis point when he accidentally reanimates Count Dracula. Uncomfortably cast thereafter as Dracula's dog-collared dogbody, his every step seems an effort as he struggles against his loudly protesting conscience.



The Story

For some, the early years of the twentieth century. A young bellringer arrives at a church in a mountain village. As he tries the bell-rope, blood drips onto his hands. Filled with trepidation, he climbs the stairs to the belfry. As the parish priest arrives at the church, the boy screams alarm and runs out in terror. The priest ventures up inside the belfry and discovers the body of a girl strung up inside the bell, gory puncture wounds in her neck...

"A year has passed since Dracula, the perpetrator of these obscene evils, was destroyed, and I, Ernst Muller, Monsignor of the Holy Catholic Church in the province of Keimburg, decided it was time I paid a visit to the little village in the valley, to see that all was well..."



The village priest, with the assistance of the now-mute boy, reads Mass to an empty church before retiring to the local inn. The Monsignor arrives at the church to find the boy alone and slinking in the shadows, and heads to the inn where he demands of the priest a reason why he has said Mass to an absent congregation. The locals, it appears, are still afraid of the shadow of Dracula's castle, which touches the church in the evenings. The Monsignor insists that the priest accompany him to the castle in the mountains at dawn the next day, to prove that there is nothing to fear. They meet at the church; the Monsignor takes the church's huge ceremonial Holy Cross on his back as the pair set off into the mountains. Presently, the light begins to fade. The priest refuses to venture any further, and the Monsignor continues upward alone. Night falls. As the Monsignor reads an exorcism outside the castle doors, lightning crashes around him and a storm breaks. Below the startled priest takes a tumble down a rocky outcrop, cracking both his head and the surface of a frozen river. Beneath the ice lies the body of Count Dracula. Blood from the unconscious priest's wound drips onto Dracula's lips. He sits. The priest comes to to face the terrifying form of the vampire Count, alive once more...

The Monsignor, having sealed the castle doors with the Holy Cross, returns to the village inn, announcing that he has destroyed the evil forever. Back at the castle, Dracula covers from the Cross, unable to pass his own threshold. "Who has done this thing?" he demands of the priest. The Monsignor returns home to Keimburg, where his lusty widowed sister Anna is preparing a dinner party that night to celebrate the birthday of her daughter, Maria, who will be bringing a student, Paul, to meet them for the first time. Meanwhile, Dracula and the priest go to a graveyard where the priest—bound to Dracula's will—exhumes a girl's coffin for the vampire to travel in by day.

At the Café Johann in town, Paul, who works in the basement kitchens, sweeps pleasantness with jovial landlord Max and brassy barmaid Zena, who clearly has designs on Paul. He is inveigled into a drinking game and ends up with beer all over his best suit. Maria enters and drags the sodden Paul away to the dinner at the Muller house. Miles away, the priest drives a horse and trap frantically through the night. At the dinner, Paul reveals his atheism and

is forced by an outraged Monsignor to leave. Disgraced, he returns to the Café, where he gets drunk on schnapps before Zena's lustful gaze. Maria, meanwhile, sneaks from her bedroom window and ignites across the Keimburg rooftops. Zena drags a brawny Paul back to his room where she makes a pass at him; they are disturbed by Maria's arrival. Zena makes her exit as Maria puts Paul to bed. As the disconsolate Zena makes her way home through the woods, she finds herself pursued by the priest's horse and trap. She falls to the ground and is confronted by the elegant black-clad figure of Count Dracula...

Morning. The priest drives into Keimburg just as Maria is breasting her way back home across the rooftops. Paul finds a scantily-clad Zena loitering in the kitchens, clutching her hand to her neck. Later, the priest enters the Café and asks to rent a room. As Paul escorts him upstairs, the cleric asks after the Monsignor, and learns of the Monsignor's meet, Maria. Later still, the priest leads Zena through the kitchens into a concealed cellar adjoining the basement where he has installed the Count. Dracula commands Zena to bring Maria to him. When Maria arrives at the Café, Zena takes her into the kitchens, ambushes her, and drags the hapless girl into the vampire's lair. Dracula's designs upon Maria are soured when he hears Paul's voice calling out to her from the stairway beyond. Maria collapses and Zena hauls her back to the kitchens where Paul finds her unconscious form. As they recover in the bath, Dracula murders Zena for failing him. The bloodsucker instructs the priest to dispose of Zena's corpse; he cremates her in the kitchen ovens.

The next day, Paul asks the priest to deliver a note to Maria at the Monsignor's house. Come nightfall, Maria is preparing for bed when Dracula enters through her bedroom window, approaches, and feeds. A dazed Maria is discovered in the morning. Finding puncture marks in her neck, and suspecting the worst, the Monsignor researches vampire mythology through the night. Dracula approaches Maria's window once more; mesmerized, she opens it. As he bares his fangs, the Monsignor enters and wards off the creature with a crucifix. Dracula escapes across the rooftops; the Monsignor's pursuit of him is halted when the errant priest burns him viciously. Semi-conscious, the bloodied Monsignor staggers home and asks Anna to bring Paul to him. By daybreak, he has given Paul a crash-course in vampire lore and has explained the Dracula connection. Paul runs to the Johann, picking up the priest; as they return, the Monsignor breathes his last.

Together, Paul and the priest loot Maria's room with garlic. But come dusk, the tortured priest, finding himself unable to resist the vampire's will,



bludgeons Paul with a candlestick. He cannot remove Maria's crucifix. Paul recovers and forces the priest to lead him to the vampire's lair, where Paul plunges a stake into the chest of the sleeping fiend. But the atheist Paul cannot pray and thus finish the vampire off. Dracula removes the stake and rushes to a rendezvous with the mesmerized Maria. They escape via the priest's horse and trap. Paul gives chase on horseback, and makes his way to the inn in the village near Castle Dracula; the mute is the only villager prepared to show him the way through the mountains. At the castle, Dracula forces Maria to remove the Holy Cross from the gates and hurl it over the battlements. Paul arrives, and launches himself at the vampire. In the scuffle, Dracula tumbles from the battlements and is impaled upon the point of the Holy Cross. As the dying creature's influence recedes, the priest recites an exorcism. Blood streams from the vampire's eyes. The priest collapses. As the two lovers embrace, Dracula crumbles away.



In Production



The Daily Cinema,
24th April 1968

Veronica Carlson and Christopher Lee with director Freddie Francis and producer Aida Young on the first day's shooting of Hammer's "Dracula Has Risen From The Grave".

A "Dracula Subject" was first put into development for the year 1968/69 at a Hammer production meeting of Thursday 4th May 1967. As was common practice, a pre-sales brochure had been prepared by August, before writer Anthony Hinds had even completed a plot synopsis! The film appears to have briefly borne the provisional title *Dracula's Revenge*, soon abandoned for the rather more dramatic *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave*. Initially budgeted at a modest £165,000, *Dracula Has Risen From The Grave* had been intended to be shot back-to-back with two other forthcoming horrors, *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed* and *The Golem*. The latter, also known as *Frankenstein*, was a long-standing Jimmy Sangster screenplay in the mould of his earlier psychobillies *Taste of Fear* and *Fiend* (indeed, it was first planned to shoot as early as September 1964). The *Golem* would, however, be postponed once more and the anticipated back-to-back programme scrapped. Possibly in consequence, £10,000 was later added to the budget of this *Dracula* sequel. The production was funded entirely by Warner Brothers and Seven Arts; Hammer would receive a share of the film's eventual profits. The deal was announced as part of Hammer's forthcoming "£2,600,000" production programme by James Carreras in mid-February 1968. Quoted in *The Daily Cinema* on a constituent two-picture deal with Seven Arts: Eliot Hyman (the other being *When Dinosaurs Ruled the Earth*), Carreras said, "He [Hyman] has been a partner of ours for many years. We tried to do the first *Dracula* [Seven Arts] have had and it will go into production on 18th March."

As late as February, Terence Fisher had been due to helm the project, thus

As late as February, Terence Fisher had been due to helm the project, thus maintaining style with his earlier *Dracula*, *The Brides of Dracula* and *Dracula Prince of Darkness*.

maintaining style with his earlier *Dracula*, *The Brides of Dracula* and *Dracula Prince of Darkness*; Anthony Nelson Keys had been scheduled to produce but had deferred to Aida Young late the previous year. Fisher, however, was knocked down by a car at around this time and broke his right leg; Freddie Francis replaced him and the shoot appears to have been temporarily

delayed accordingly: Francis had previously made *Paranoid*, *Nightmare*, *The Evil of Frankenstein* and *Hysteria* for Hammer, and had recently completed work

on the Amicus anthology *Torture Garden*. Just prior to shooting, he indicated to the *German* magazine *Film* his hopes for the forthcoming picture: "Christopher Lee has set up an image for *Dracula* which can't be changed anymore. Even outside the studio he seems to be like *Dracula*. I'd like to give the figure more of a dreamlike quality... My ideal *Dracula* (I think of an actor in Resnais's *Last Year in Marienbad*) shouldn't be of flesh and blood."

The Script

The final draft screenplay of March 1968 would reach the screen largely intact. Other than the usual minor alterations, some short scenes would be completely excised: the funeral of the girl found in the bell ("As the priest reads the burial service, his voice breaks with emotion and he is scarce able to stumble through it. As the camera examines the faces of the mourners, we see that, almost without exception, their eyes automatically turn towards the mountains"); a scene where the landlord peeks out of the inn's window and speculates as to the fate of the Monsignor's mission ("They're lost in the mist. We shall see them again... We should never have let them go, either of them..."); and, following the Monsignor's return, a further scene where the villagers present him with "a beautifully carved little crucifix on a chain" for his efforts ("If I may," says the Monsignor, "I shall give it to my young niece. Tomorrow is her birthday. I know she will treasure it always."). The sequence where the priest exhumates the girl's coffin for *Dracula*'s use was rather different on the scripted page:



With a gesture, *Dracula* indicates that the Priest should remove the lid of the coffin. The Priest... starts to pull at the lid, but he is too weak to have any effect... the vampire pushes the Priest out of the way and, taking the lid with both hands, rips it off with a splintering of wood. Inside the coffin lies the decaying figure of the Young Girl, only recognisable now by her long tresses... Through her heart, a wooden stake has been driven. *Dracula* stares down at her and... becomes shaken with savage, horrible laughter.

Casting

After making *Dracula Prince of Darkness*, Christopher Lee had maintained his connection with Stoker's Count by recording a double LP for America's Stamford Records - "An adaptation, with music and sound, of the original, classic story *Dracula*, portrayed by the internationally-famous actor Christopher Lee, star of the motion picture *Dracula Prince of Darkness*. Produced in London by Russ Jones and Roy Taylor, and over an hour long, this recording, sadly, was never released. Only daily 'promotional' copies are believed to have been pressed.



Above: Veronica Carlson and Barbara D'Amico in a scene with an off-duty Christopher Lee. One of the air-hostess students can be spotted in the background. Below: A posed publicity shot of the beauty.

In 1968 it was another film sequel, and not a retelling of the original story, that was proposed, despite the fact Lee was growing dissatisfied with Hammer's ideas. A contemporaneous statement to his fans (reprinted in US fanzine *Little Shoppe of Horrors*) read, "Over the past few weeks, there has been a great deal of slightly hysterical and acrimonious discussions between me, my agent, James Cameron, Tony Hains, producer Ada Young and director Freddie Francis about the next *Dracula*, due to start on the 22nd of April 1968. If only I had a tape recording of some of the conversations concerned, it would make hilarious listening. To sum up, they have committed themselves to the making of this film, but they do not appear to think that they are required to pay me my current market price, which I receive from all other film companies. The arguments and appeals to my better nature etc., have been remarkable, but I have remained firm and so has my agent..."

"When I first went onto the movie," said Francis later, "we were looking for somebody [else] to play the part, and then suddenly out of the blue Jimmy Carreras had met with Chris, and suddenly Chris was going to do it." Reportedly the Colonel, a great personal friend of Lee's, would implore the star to make this and other *Draculas* by claiming that the film in question was already pre-sold to the US, and that if Lee were not to appear he'd be putting others out of work.

Playing the Monsignor, Rupert Davies was best known for his portrayal of Georges Sittenon's Parisian detective Maigret in the early sixties BBC TV series of the same name (Sittenon once presented Davies with a book inscribed, "At last I have found the perfect Maigret"). After the series' conclusion in 1963, a typecast Davies would find work hard to come by. He'd made earlier appearances in the BBC's *Quatermass II* and 1959's *John Paul Jones* alongside Peter Cushing. He played Merlin in *The Brides of Fu Manchu*, encountering Christopher Lee, and would do so again as the Vicar in *Curse of the Crimson Altar*; Boris Karloff headed the cast of this 1968 Tigon production. He acted with both Lee and Brian Donlevy in the 1967 thriller *Five Golden Dragons*. Tigon featured him as John Lowes in Michael Reeves's *Witchfinder General*, shot soon after the *Dracula*. Lee and Vincent Price were also in Davies's next horror, 1969's *The Oblong Box*; Davies played Joshua Kemp. A mad-as-a-hen-on-the-loose tale, *The Night Visitor*, saw him through 1970. Driller-killer Edmund Yates in Pete Walker's 1974 slasher, *Frightmare*, proved to be his last film role. He died, aged 66, of cancer at Guy's Hospital in London on 22nd November 1976. Sadly, he

died intestate and his total savings of £21,908 went to the taxman.

Peter Noble, London correspondent for *The Hollywood Reporter*, noted young Veronica Carlson's casting on Wednesday 29th May with these words: "Newest sexpot on the British scene is the 23-year-old beauty, Veronica Carlson, who goes from playing a prostitute in MGM's *The Only House in Town* to playing a vampire in Hammer's *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* with Christopher Lee doing a Bela Lugosi... Veronica, like Hammer's previous discoveries, Ursula Andress and Olivia Bronev, is blonde, photogenic and stacked... And under contract to Hammer... (And engaged!) Carlson had played just three minor cinema roles to this date, extensive tabloid publicity on the budding starlet drew her to the attention of James Carreras. She was duly invited to read for the part of Maria; after the audition the hopeful retired to a restaurant with Freddie Francis and Ada Young. A nervous Carlson suffered a crisis of confidence, left early, and arrived home to find a message informing her that she had an appointment for a fitting with a firm of theatrical costumiers."

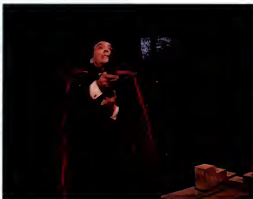
Barry Andrews later appeared in Tiger's lurid witchcraft tale of 1970, *Blood on Satan's Claw*, in which he played Ralph Gower alongside Taste *The Blood of Dracula's* Linda Hayden. He was the Sergeant in the 1971 Peter Rogers-produced Joan Collins/James Booth psychodrama, *Revenge*, and could also be seen in 1977's James Bond epic *The Spy Who Loved Me* (John O'Connell would work with Francis and Carlson again, as one of the bright young things at the party in 1971's *The Gheron*). He became far better known as a silly-dool English aristocrat in wartime sitcom *'Allo 'Allo*. And George A Cooper worked with Peter Cushing and Melvyn Hayes on 1958's *Violent Playground*, on *Vill Guest's Hell is a City*, and as John in Francis's earlier *Nightmare*.



Shooting

Dracula Has Risen From the Grave became the second Hammer film to be mounted at Buckinghamshire's Pinewood Studios, after *A Challenge for Robin Hood* in 1967. Principal photography for the *Dracula* took place between Monday 22nd April and Tuesday 6th June 1968; the shoot ran two days over schedule. Location work was completed in the adjoining Black Park (the same location as the film's precursor, *Dracula Prince of Darkness*), and at Box Hill, near Dorking, Surrey.

Unusually, director Francis elected to use circular amber filters on many of the shots featuring the Count, a technique with which he'd previously experimented as Director of





Photography on 1961's *The Innocents*, a film based upon Henry James's Gothic thriller, *The Turn of the Screw*. "It took me back to crazy things I used to do in my 16mm days," he later said.

The opening scene was unfortunate for actress Carrie Baker, called upon to be strung up inside the bell: it's said that she was forbidden from eating lunch with the crew in her bloody make-up. She would be required to be ejected from a coffin later. (Interestingly, this would appear to indicate that she was playing one and the same character, i.e. the 'GIZELA' shown on the coffin lid as living between 1885 and 1905, thus dating the film's main events as 1906.)

Christopher Lee was particularly unhappy with the scene in which Dracula removes a freshly-hammered stake from his chest: "I didn't like it. I fought it all the time. I said, this is destroying the whole conception of the vampire, as he may only be destroyed by a stake being driven through the heart... I did register my strong dissent. I said I thought it was quite wrong, although the reactions of the audience at the time thought it was quite startling." For the climactic scenes where the Count was impaled upon the tip of the golden Holy Cross, Lee was compelled to reel around the set with two halves of the prop harnessed to his front and back: "It wasn't the easiest thing in the world to do. I'd slipped a disc not too long before." For this *Dracula*, and in all his subsequent appearances in the part, Lee wore an exact duplicate of the ring which Bela Lugosi had worn as Universal's vampire Count. The ring had been presented to Lee by Forrest J. Ackerman, editor of the *American Famous Monsters of Filmedom* magazine.

For her part, Carlson appears to have enjoyed the experience thoroughly, but two brief scenes she found awkward. In the first, Barbara Ewing threw her rather too forcefully at Lee's feet during the sequence in which Maria is summoned to meet the Count in the cellar. The scene she found most difficult, however, "... was the love scene, because I was embarrassed, and

yet, by Hammer standards, that was mild... I never wanted to take my clothes off. Just undressing the back of my dress was enough to finish me. Freddie made me laugh about it. He acted through it with me before I did it with Barry Andrews, and made it all seem... family."

A celebratory lunch took place at Pinewood on Wednesday 20th May to mark the official presentation to Hammer Film Productions of the prestigious Queen's Award to Industry. The award was formally presented on the steps of the Castle Dracula set; Lee, Carlson and Ewing were joined by Peter Cushing for a photocall.

Accomplished matte artist Peter Meisrose gave the film a tremendous sense of scale with his "very ambitious" glass paintings, most notably of Dracula's castle and the Koenigsberg rooftops. He used the same architectural references as Bernard Robinson: all of his work was created in post-production at Shepperton Studios. Recalling his labours some twenty years later, he said, "Yes, it is true to say that both the budget and time schedule were extremely tight... [Ada Young] kept describing the castles I painted as Gibbs castles - a Gibbs castle being the well-known trademark of the toothpaste manufacturer!... the shots were rushed through without any problems, the most difficult shot

being the one where a set of the castle was shot with a 9.8mm lens (an extreme wide-angle lens) - making all the lines of the architecture curved and difficult to follow through into the painting." Meisrose's other genre work includes Polanski's comedic *Devil of the Vampires* and TV movie *Frankenstein - The True Story*.

Composer James Bernard was not entirely happy with his finished score. "When I did it, I wasn't very satisfied," he later wrote. "I also remember thinking that a lot of bass got lost in the dubbing." Bernard used sections from an arrangement of the *Dies Irae* ("The Day of Wrath", the Catholic Mass for the dead) in the soundtrack.



US distributors relied heavily upon starlet Veronica Carlson's charms in promoting the film; accordingly, the trailer featured her character prominently. Ran the voiceover:

"No coffin could ever hold him! No door could ever bar his way! He is back from the dead! Dracula has risen from the grave!

"Dracula, the most feared name in any language! The most feared being ever to haunt the living!

"Christopher Lee, Rupert Davies, Veronica Carlson - Hammer's new star discovery, Dracula's most beautiful victim!

"Dracula has risen from the grave! To resist him is useless! To rise against him is futile! To know him is eternal damnation!"

DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE

On Release

The film was previewed at Hammer's regular West End home, the New Victoria, on Tuesday 5th November 1968 and premiered there on the Thursday thereafter. Veronica Carlson, having previously achieved a national diploma in art, had made beautiful line sketches of Christopher Lee and Barry Andrews; the Lee illustration was used in the press book alongside a photograph of Lee sitting for the multi-talented actress. A vast array of standees and posters were made available to cinema managers to promote the film. All sorts of silly stunts were suggested by distributors Warner-Pathe: "One of the least costly but certainly one of the most effective is to transform all the lighting in the vestibule, corridors and staircases into green - this conveys the eerie effect which is important to this film." Suggested enticing display catchlines included: "ENGULFS YOU IN A LIMBO OF TERROR"; "HARBORING FERMET OF FEAR"; and, "YOU MAY LOATHE IT - YOU WON'T DARE LEAVE IT".

On 30th November, *Kine Weekly* noted: "All records were broken by 'Dracula Has Risen From the Grave' on the first day of its ABC release. The film set a new circuit record by taking more money at the

box-office on a Sunday [of all days!] than ever before ... [it] also enjoyed excellent

business at the New Victoria, the ABCs at Felham Road and Edgware Road, and on its pre-release dates." Also that week, Robert Clark, ABC's chief executive, announced that Hammer had "another 'Dracula' subject" in pre-production.

Rated 'G' (General Audience) the film did the American circuits from 26th March 1969 as the top half of a double bill with *Chobasco*, a melodrama of the tuna fishing industry starring Susan Tolsky of *Four Seasons*. *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* would reap substantial box-office receipts across the Atlantic, paving the way, inevitably, for a further sequel. The film would be retitled *Dracula et les Femmes* (*Dracula and the Women*) for the French market.

Sections of the musical score were included on a French album, *Musiques de Films d'Horreur et de Catastrophes*, re-recorded by Geoff Love and his Orchestra, and on Silva Screen Records' Music from the Hammer Films, recorded by The Philharmonia Orchestra and conducted by Neil Richardson.

The film was first released on VHS by Warner Home Video (PIS 11069) in February 1989, and is scheduled for re-release by the same company on 14th August 1995.



ADVERTISING • PUBLICITY • ACCESSORIES • EXPLOITATION

Top right: The film's Belgian poster
Right: A Spanish version
Left: Arbel von Chantrel's 'touted' fan poster
was reproduced at the corner of the British press book. The main part of the picture was, incidentally, a substituted actor-portrait and not a picture of Christopher Lee at all.



Comment

*"Fangs ain't
what they used ter
be . . ."*

The newspapers were pretty unanimous when it came to assessing this latest vampire tale: "... a horror film that hasn't even got the negative quality of being horrible," wrote Nina Hibbin of *The Morning Star* on 9th November. A day previously, *The Guardian* had pitifully remarked: "... he comes to a properly gory end. If you can be bothered to wait." "MONSTER DISAPPOINTMENT" barked Oick Richards (yes, really) of *The Sun*:

Isn't it time that dear old Dracula was pensioned off to Dracula Has Risen From the Grave . . . he's a very jaded old ghoul . . . apart from playing his shippers into the necks of a couple of pretty girls, he creates precious few thrills in this disappointment for cinema horror fans. He comes to another sticky end impaled on a bloody holy cross. Can this really be the end? Verdict: Fangs ain't what they used ter be.

Surprisingly, Britain's film magazines were rather more enthusiastic. December's *Monthly Film Bulletin* noted director Francis's "pleasing colour compositions," and singled out for praise "Barbara Ewing as the jealous Zena, who dies with an expression of triumphant and satisfied lust frozen on her face." Films and Filming's David Hutchinson praised newcomer Francis's approach to Terence Fisher's:

... the film is no longer a series of climaxes but is conceived as a whole and has much more of a cumulative effect . . . Francis, who used to be one of Britain's best lighting cameramen before turning to direction, has attempted some interesting but not completely successful experiments with filters to create an unreal and menacing atmosphere. Dracula's first appearance is haunted by the use of sickly yellow filters at the sides of the frame which, as the film progresses, become deeper in tone until red dominates

... Effective use

of contrast is made in the scenes in which Dracula does not appear; they are drained of warm colours and internally the feeling of guilt and loss inherent in the plot . . .

Hutchinson was, nevertheless, moved to decry other aspects of a production "marred by continuity errors, badly-matched studio and location work . . . [and] a shot of Dracula's reflection which contradicts the basic vampire legend."

"John Elder's illogical script seems irremediably bound to available sets," said John Mahoney in *The Hollywood Reporter's* edition of Boxing Day, 1966. Other American journalists were in similar accord. "The story's slight, the horror and the bloodcurdling essential to these pox is minimal and even Dracula himself appears bored at being resurrected once again," wrote *Variety's* Rich on 20th November. "If you are handling a stale idea you must either freshen it up or bury it," he concluded. The *New York Times* was downright rude on 27th March the next year: "DRACULA HAS RISEN FROM THE GRAVE. Yes, again. And judging by this junky British film - splatter with catchup or paint or whatever, to simulate the Coen's favorite color - he can descend again."

Charming . . .

"It was extremely successful. All I tried to do with that was to sort of put a bit of a love interest in it, most of which was cut out while I was away. But whether that helped it or not I don't know. We had an extremely pretty girl in it. I can't tell you why it was so successful."

Freddie Francis - from *The Films of Freddie Francis*, spring 1988

"It's all very well being in a crowd of extras but when you have to stand up and be counted and then see the people eye-to-eye that you've admired and respected for so long and you know that they've earned their position . . . how could they ever think that I'd earned the right to be there? But we discussed our different roles and the director discussed what was expected from us. And they couldn't have been kinder or more gentle. I was really surprised. It's like a camaraderie, you know, you're all in the same boat. In retrospect I think they must have picked up on my anxiety and my eagerness to do the right thing."

Veronica Carlson - from *Veronica Carlson: An Illustrated Memoir*, 1993

"When Hammer Films received the Queen's Award . . . the Lord Lieutenant of Buckinghamshire . . . came down and presented this award . . . and then after that they came on the set and they came at a rather violent moment when I was crashing about in the rocks with this cross through me, pouring blood and with those awful contact lenses in my eyes . . . Well, after the Lord Lieutenant and his wife, who I'm sure had never been in a studio in their lives, had been watching all this without any expression at all on their faces (I didn't dare look in their direction), there was a long, long silence and then, very clearly, and very penetratingly, he turned to his wife and he said, 'You know, my dear, that man is a member of my club.'"

Christopher Lee - quoted in *Little Shoppe of Horrors # 4*, April 1979



Critique



Perhaps the most telling moment in *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* comes when the Count first visits Maria in her bedroom. After prolonged nuzzling, he finally fastens upon her throat and the camera pulls away to show her hand clenching orgasmically at a doll, which she convulsively flings to the floor. If this moment is intended to convey that, in making love with a walking corpse, Maria graduates from girl to woman – and it's hard to see what else it could be intended to convey – then it's completely illogical, for we know already that Maria is not only sexually mature but sexually active. It's put in purely for effect, for a moment's outrageousness, and is

typical of the film as a whole. *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* is a box of tricks, but a box so ravishingly decorated – and the tricks so wildly over-the-top – that it's hard to resist.

In a film full of showy moments, one of the showiest comes when Paul calls the Priest's aid in staking Dracula, whereupon the vampire pulls the stake from his own chest because they've failed to utter the appropriate prayers. This scene, as Christopher Lee loudly protested, violates vampire

lore and seems to have been put in purely for its visceral impact. But what an impact!

On closer examination, though, the scene also serves a purpose, since it draws a line under a whole series of religious ironies with which Anthony Hinds has impressively peppered his screenplay. The film begins when Dracula leaves an

consecrated victim in the belfry of the local church, though how he managed to do this on hallowed ground is left to our imagination. With the house of God thus defiled, the Monsignor ironically proceeds to 'desecrate' the house of the Devil by fixing a cross to the door. Later we have an erring priest shifting his allegiance to the risen Anti-Christ: a 'silly woman' given a twisted sort of martyrdom when she's consigned to the flames; an atheist hero

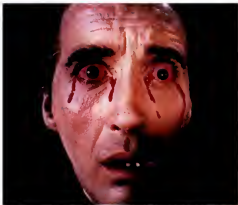
going to the treacherous padre for assistance (the irony of which is so strong it actually kills the silly Monsignor); and Dracula himself given a mock crucifixion at the hide-out. All in all, Hinds wastes no opportunity to underline the quasi-Biblical bravura of the film's title.

Freddie Francis smoothes the whole thing in a cloying visual splendor (and a great many kindly colored camera filters) that results in some of the most atmospheric moments Hammer ever achieved. The priest's grisly appropriation of a coffin from the local graveyard; Dracula's marauding lashing of steaming horses, accompanied first by the lapsed cleric and later by the white-robed maiden; Maria's fairy-tale odyssey through the woods in the wake of the black-clad vampire – all these are splendidly Gothic and, despite being underscored by the tinted romanticism of James Bernard's music, seem strangely reminiscent of silent horror films.

Above all, there is the lustuous eroticism of the bedroom scenes and the miserable unpleasantness of the Café Johanni's cellar. In one brief cut-away as Zena goes in search of Maria, Dracula stands alone and in silhouette beside his coffin, the miserable drip-drip of the cellar his only accompaniment. A slight turn of his head, like a watchful bird of prey, communicates all the grim isolation and 'otherness' with which Christopher Lee habitually invested the character.

As thrillingly anticlimactic as ever, and making the most of the 52 words he's required to utter, Lee's Dracula suffers, nonetheless, from Hammer's continuing inability to find anything worthwhile for him to do. (In sharp contrast to *Frankenstein*, from whom Hammer wrong a number of ingenious scenarios.)

The films seem increasingly to revolve around the plot mechanics of his reincarnation and subsequent destruction, and without Van Helsing around to provide a strong antagonist, Dracula seems more and more accident prone. (And here, not only his death but even his resurrection come about entirely by accident.) When he writhes impotently astride the impaling crucifix and bleeds fission, stigmatic tears, we know we're watching one of Hammer's most spectacular climactic scenes. But we may also realise that *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* is rather less than the sum of its parts – however dazzlingly effective those parts may be.



***Dracula Has Risen From the Grave* is a box of tricks, but a box so ravishingly decorated – and the tricks so wildly over-the-top – that it's hard to resist.**

Classic Scene



"It's the shadow, sir . . ."

Dracula Has Risen From the Grave
(1968)

Screenplay by John Elder

Monsignor Ernst Muller (Rupert Davies) pays a visit to a once-troubled church in his province – only to discover that the local folk will no longer attend Mass. In the village inn, he confronts the locals and demands to know the reason why. The landlord (George A Cooper) and a farmer (Chris Cunningham) have the answer . . .

MONSIGNOR: Why was the church empty? Well?

LANDLORD: I think you know, Monsignor.

MONSIGNOR: No, I do not know. I know that your church was once vilely desecrated, but the perpetrator of that ghastly deed was destroyed some twelve months ago. Is that not so? Was he not sent to his doom in the waters of your mountains? And was he not, therefore, destroyed forever? Is that not so? Then why

were you not there in church this morning?

FARMER: It's the shadow, sir.

MONSIGNOR: Shadow?

FARMER: The shadow of his castle, sir.

LANDLORD: It touches the church.

FARMER: In the evenings, it touches it.

MONSIGNOR: Whose castle? Count Dracula? Is that who you mean? Why do you not speak his name? He cannot harm you anymore. He is destroyed, is he not? And he is dead. Is he dead, or not?

LANDLORD: Yes, he is dead.

MONSIGNOR: Well . . .

FARMER: But the evil is still there. You can feel it in his shadow, even in the church.

MONSIGNOR: There is no evil in the house of God! Landlord, I wish to talk to my priest. In private . . .



Dracula Has Risen From the Grave

compiled by
Alan Barnes • The Story, Its Production
The Script, Casting, Shooting, On Release, Comment
and Classic Scene
Jonathan Rigby • The Characters and Critique



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Dez Gerner

Michael Albrecht

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Special effects

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Conducted by

In Charge of Production

Produced by

Directed by

Bill McGee

Robert Sime

Peter Knibb

Robert Haxford-Davis

Made on location and at

Pinewood Studios London England

by Three Film Distributors Ltd

A Columbia Pictures Presentation

Gentle's 'X'

Length 8.887 feet

Duration 91 minutes

Corruption

Released in the same month as *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, Robert Haxford-Davis's *Corruption* features one of Peter Cushing's most chilling performances. **David Hanks** unearths a rarely-seen classic.

The Story

John Rowan, a pioneering plastic surgeon, is woken by a phone call from his model girlfriend Lynn. She insists he keep his promise to attend a party held by her photographer, Mike. He cannot resist her.

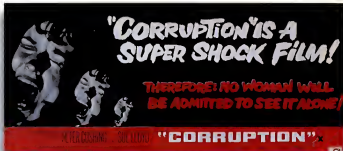
The party is wild and an overwhelmed John asks Lynn if they can leave. Lynn is reluctant, and John and Mike scuffle. During the argument, an arc-light falls on Lynn, severely burning one side of her face.

Lynn becomes suicidally depressed and a guilty John grows obsessed with finding a way to restore her beauty. Using dead tissue from a car accident victim, and assisted by Val, Lynn's sister, he performs a successful operation with the aid of laser surgery. His success is short-lived, however, so he kills and decapitates a prostitute for the living tissue he needs.

The couple go away to their seaside cottage where, once again, Lynn's tissue starts to corrode. They give refuge to an apparently homeless girl, Terry – who is actually part of a beatnik gang looking for people to rob. John is reluctant to kill again but the increasingly obsessed Lynn insists. Terry leaves in the night so John kills and decapitates a woman on a train. Meanwhile, Val and her lover Steve – one of John's fellow surgeons – come to realise that John is the killer and plan to journey to the cottage.

Whilst preparing for the next restorative operation, John is interrupted by the returning Terry, who is chased along the beach by Lynn and John and also killed. The gang for whom she was the scout burst into the house expecting to find her there. They keep John and Lynn captive and Lynn is forced to show Terry's husband where his wife is. She lures him to a steep cliff and pushes him over it. One of the gang members finds a decapitated head in the fridge and the leader demands that John tell him what is going on. In the confusion, the laser is set off, killing Lynn, the gang leader, Val, Steve and finally John.

John Rowan comes to consciousness at a party. It is wild and he wants to leave...



Above: The film's devastating climax

previously worked on such prestigious pictures as *The Sound Barrier*, *Lawrence of Arabia* and *In The Cool of the Day*. In August 1964, Hartford-Davis and Newbrook formed Titan Productions, immediately making the incredible pop musical, *Gonks Go Best*. Their biggest budgeted film followed in 1966: *The Sandwich Man* was a comedy produced with money from the National Film Finance Corporation, a funding organisation set up to initiate new independent British film productions. Not even careers from numerous top British comic stars could prevent it from being only a modest success, and with none of the other NFFFC-funded films succeeding, Titan had to look elsewhere for capital. It came in January 1967 from independent American company, Colshire Films, with whom Titan signed to make three films, all to be distributed through Columbia. The first two announced – *The Most of Innocence*, a story of a child's obsessive love for her father, and *We the Gully*, concerning the nationwide pursuit of two prison escapees – both went unmade. The third was *Corruption*.

Hartford-Davis came up with the original idea and brought in Donald and Derek Ford to write the script. The Fords had written all of Hartford-Davis's *Compass-Caruso* releases, and had stayed with the company to author the classic *Sherlock Holmes* versus *Jack the Ripper* film, *A Study in Terror*.

Peter Cushing was the obvious choice for the top-billed part in any British horror film. Discussing *Corruption* with Eamonn Andrews on television, he remarked that he was looking forward to his next picture: a horror

film in modern dress, for a change. Receiving equal billing was Sue Lloyd, who had previously appeared as Michael Caine's girlfriend in *The Ipcress File* and had a recurring role in *The Baron*. Hartford-Davis would be so impressed with her work on *Corruption* that he'd present her with an antique cup inscribed, "To my actress of the year, from your corrupted director." At the end of shooting, Cushing presented her with a special script holder: "I did rather well out of that film!" she now laughs. Kate D'Mona, a relative newcomer to film, was cast as Lynn's sister, and Anthony Booth – then popular as Alf Garnett's son-in-law in *Till Death Us Do Part* – played groovy photographer Mike.

When making movies, Hartford-Davis apparently considered actor David

Hartford-Davis would be so impressed with Sue Lloyd's work on *Corruption* that he'd present her with an antique cup inscribed, "To my actress of the year, from your corrupted director."

Background

After the end of the second world war, Robert Hartford-Davis worked in a variety of capacities at numerous British studios before making his own short films and episodes of TV shows like *Police Surgeon*. In mid-1962 he was the contract to make films for Compton-Caruso, who ran profitable cinema clubs specialising in risqué films and now wanted to branch out into film production. So successful were the 1963 pictures *That Kind of Girl* (which Hartford-Davis produced), and *The Yellow Teddybears* (which he produced and directed), that a year later he was appointed 'executive in charge of all production'.

Director of Photography on these films was Peter Newbrook, who had

left John Rowan (Peter Cushing) brutally murders a prostitute (Jan Waters) in his increasingly desperate attempts to cheat science. This still is taken from the British version of the film. In certain overseas versions the prostitute was seen naked

Peter Cushing and Robert Hartford Davis discuss surgical procedures outside Isidore Studios in summer 1967



Lodge: his "lucky charm"; a part, therefore, had to be found for him. Lodge remembers: "I said, 'There's nothing in here for me.' He said, 'There's got to be something. I tell you what, what about one of the hippies?' I said, 'They're loid' - and I was well into my forties. He said, 'We'll make one of them a big idiot with the mental age of about 12. He's retarded.' So was born Groper, the strongman of Terry's beatnik gang, blindly obedient to leader George.

Saving money where they could, Titan used Isidore Studios in south-west London, not far from Hammer-Dave's home. Isidore was built in 1914 and soon became one of the major British silent studios, but fell from favour with the advent of sound. In the year prior to the *Corruption* shoot, only one other film had been made there.

The film's four-week schedule commenced on 10th July 1967, and most scenes were completed quickly. One exception was the discovery of the head in the fridge by Sandy, a female gang member. Actress Alexandra Dane was so shocked by the sight of an apparently decapitated head that she became quite distressed on the first take. The crewmen who had the job of stuffing the head with

various efforts resorted to it as 'the laughing Japanese shot'. For East audiences enjoyed a lot of gore, apparently.

The finale - in which the laser diagnoses of most of the leading characters - was achieved

by stringing up lengths of wire around the set, which were then lit, and burned brightly where the laser was supposedly striking. Sae Lloyd remembers that the actors had to be wary of their positions if they were to avoid being injured.

Care also had to be taken in the scene in which Groper holds a brandy glass over Lyne's mouth in order to get information out of

John. David Lodge remembers being cautious to leave a small gap so she could still take in air. Location shooting took place at Seaford, between London and Brighton. The scene where Lyne lures Terry's husband, Rik, to the edge of the cliff and forces him over was especially arduous for Sae Lloyd: "I suffer from terrible vertigo and that cliff was a sheer drop. I couldn't do it. I just froze and in the end they had to get a double in. If you look, you never see my face when she pushes him off."

The murder in the train was also shot on location. This disturbing sequence was shot by Newbrook through a fish-eye lens, lending it a delirious quality. Another murder - that of the prostitute in the flat - was shot twice. In the version seen in Scandinavia, South America, and the Far East, a bone-breasted Jan Waters is attacked quite graphically by a manic Peter Cushing. Again, Newbrook used a distorting fish-eye lens in the scene.

Over a year after its completion, the film premiered at London's Metropole on 21st November 1968, but was replaced after a week by *Cory on Up the Khyber*. On general release from 8th December, *Corruption* was paired with an Alex Cord spaghetti western, *Dead Dr. Alvin*.

Corruption received patronising reviews which concentrated mainly on the film's violent sequences. "It is all blatantly sensational and sick - made especially for a bloodthirsty audience", commented *Kim Weekly*. *Sacred Monthly Film Bulletin* "The elements of suspense derive not from any subtly created mood or logical sequence of monstrosities but from the budgeting emphasis on physically unpleasant details."

David Lodge recalls going to see an early screening of *Corruption* with Peter Cushing and then both chuckling all the way through. Cushing later remarked: "I felt it was a great idea, but the only thing I felt



Groper (David Lodge) attacks Robert. Lodge later reused the pettish lensed glasses in *The Railway Children*



"Peter Cushing was divine," remembers Sae Lloyd

about the picture was that it was repetitive within itself - and it had to be, I suppose, because of what the story was about . . . I think with a little more time it could have been more subtle, but even so it was an incredible success in America."

Corruption is still fondly remembered by those who saw it on its initial release but – possibly because of its reputation as a violent film – it has not been transmitted on television since 1977 or ever released on video in this country.

After filming ended, Peter Cushing went immediately into *The Blood Beast Terror* (then known as *The Deathhead Vampire*) at Goldhawk Studios. Sue Lloyd eventually became a regular on the television soap opera *Crossroads*, and has recently recreated her *Ipse Dixit* role in a new Henry Palmer film shot in Russia. David Lodge continued to appear in many British films (in *The Railway Children*, his Bandmaster can be seen wearing Groper's pebble-lensed spectacles).

After two more movies, the partnership of Harford-Davis and Newbrook broke up. Newbrook formed Glendale Productions, responsible for both *Crucible* of *Torner* and *The Asphyx*. Robert Harford-Davis joined World Arts and made two further pictures in England before relocating to Hollywood for one more, and some television. In 1977, he was just starting work on the TV movie *Murder at Peyton Place* when he died, aged 54, of a massive heart attack.

Critique

Robert Hartford-Davis's films may be many things, but they are never boring. When he made a pop musical, it was not a showcase for a group or singer depicting their efforts to put on a show at a holiday camp or such like, but the *Musique Gens Go Beat*, in which Earth is separated into Beatland and Balladise. His comedy, *The Sandwich Man*, features not only Michael

Bentley as the central character, but also familiar faces such as Norman Wisdom, Terry-Thomas, Harry H Corbett and Bernard Cribbins in cameo appearances as the characters Bentley encounters on the streets of London.

When he came to make a horror picture, Hartford-Davis used a multitude of devices. Dismiss a rip-off of *Eyes Without a Face*—with the same theme of a man trying to restore his scarred lover's beauty—Hartford-Davis replaced Franju's lycicism with a lively grand guignol style harking back to *Ted Slaughter*, and spiced up with gruesome imagery. On top of this, he added layers of science-fiction (the laser surgery angle), teenage exploitation (Terry and her beatnik gang), and a supernatural twist ending borrowed from *Dr. Night*.

The film provides Peter Cushing with one of his most startling roles. Though John Roman is, at first, similarly dedicated to his pursuit, he exhibits a mania absent from the cold procedures of Victor Frankenstein. The sequences in which Roman murders his victims show a wild frenzy in the killing, whereas murder for the Baron would only ever be a means to an end. Frankenstein is far more dogged. He would never experience the sickened remorse that Roman feels as he is emotionally blackmailed by his wife into killing again.

The role of Lynn Rowan is similarly unusual. Although bad girls were already a staple of British horror films, they were rarely so calculating. Throughout the film she becomes ever more obsessed and focused. Archetypally, the bad girl is one who has lost all control, and is always



Left: Steve (Noel Devornton) admires the short-lived fruits of John's success. Below: Rowan's treatment is unsuccessful and Lynn is disfigured forever.

submissive to a male master. Here, however, it is Lynn who wields power. Such female dominance is not only extraordinary in a British horror film, it is extraordinary in any British film of the period.

The title, *Corruption*—perhaps derived from Poland's *Republika*—reflects the film. Not only is Lynn's face corrupted, but so are her and John's personalities. Indeed, most of the people they encounter turn out to be corrupt in some way; there are hardly any sympathetic characters in the film. The hero and heroine, Steve (Roman's fellow surgeon) and Val (Lynn's sister), exist to one side of the story. They are

never menaced, and serve merely to comment upon the main action. Hammer might have shown Steve and Val running out of the house at the end and looking over their shoulders as the loser runs amok; in *Corruption* they are killed along with the rest of the cast.

Even little scenes such as Roman's comical conversation with Kate at the party are effective; those who have endured ham-fisted incidental scenes in otherwise fine films (for instance, *The Sorcerers*, or *Screen and Screen Again*) will appreciate this as an achievement. Only Bill McGath's music serves as an occasional distraction; his score is sequences, but when laid over some unimpassioned music nearly kills

Corruption (albeit probably unknowingly) is a forerunner to a strand of British horror production that encompasses Tigra's modern-dress chaffers, Freddie Francis's *Mummy*, *Nanny*, *Scum* and *Gravy*, Victor's *Ridley's The Corpse*, the films of Pete Walker, and many other UK horrors of the 1970s. Despite sharing with these films a particular British seediness, *Corruption* has a sadder aura than which marks it out as one of a kind.

Not only is Lynn's face corrupted, but so are her and John's personalities. Indeed, most of the people they encounter turn out to be corrupt in some way.

Tapes from the Tomb

Andy Black reviews a bumper selection of the latest horror video releases.



MARY SHELLEY'S FRANKENSTEIN

Columbia TriStar
Rental release - out now

Unleashed onto video at last, a monster of a film with a monster as its subject. Or so the theory goes, but then that very ambiguity as to who is the greater monster - the Creature or his creator - has always been one of the most salient themes within Mary Shelley's visionary source novel.

Quite whether this visionary work survives Kenneth Branagh's much-touted production is open to debate; it is certainly a well-crafted film with some startling moments and yet, as Victor Frankenstein, our Ken narrowly fails to convince the viewer. He may be embarking upon a journey of scientific discovery but, ultimately, he falls short of taking the audience with him.

From the moment that lightning strikes nearby just as his mother Caroline (Cherie Lunghi) dies in childbirth, Victor's destiny is confirmed. The symbolic birth of his baby brother, counterpointed by the death of his mother, acts as a chilling precursor to Victor's own experiments; he creates 'life', but only at the expense of other lives

and, perhaps, his own soul. His grieving at her graveside - "Oh mother, you should never have died, no one ever needs to die" - compels him to pursue his own esoteric studies at Ingolstadt University under the watchful guidance of Professor Waldman (John Cusack), whose own abrupt murder eventually supplies Victor with raw material: a

brain for his creation. Duty formed, the Creature (Robert De Niro) is rejected by his creator, and seeks sanctuary from the human race. Having observed Victor's happiness with his bride Elizabeth (Eileen Donham Carter), the Creature then returns to persuade Victor to build him a mate.

Unlasciably, Branagh's dishevelled appearance and rather overblown dramatic outbursts singularly fail to evoke the necessary feeling that we are witnessing a man obsessed, and provide a stark contrast to the understated yet consummately more effective portrayal by Peter Cushing in the Hammer series. Likewise, although De Niro delivers a powerful performance as the outcast creature, he cannot quite match Boris Karloff's pathos-laden characterisation. The overall ambience is also compromised on occasions by Branagh's orientational, over-cinching camera work.

In defence of the film, however, there's no denying Branagh's appreciation and interpretation of certain key aspects of Shelley's novel, hitherto neglected in other versions. He wisely dispenses with the clichéd array of laboratory accoutrements, preferring instead to inject realism into the creation sequence - a hugely impressive scene where electrified eels course through amniotic fluid before sparking the Creature's body into life, its invigoration indicated by a resounding rap of the hand upon the glass window of the birthing container which shatters an eerie silence. As the Creature escapes its 'incubator', its cold grey flesh crudely visible, and, propped up by its creator, slides drunkenly mound in a maelstrom of 'after-birth' liquid, Branagh expertly roots the creation in the realism of human childbirth rather than the surrealism of science-fantasy.

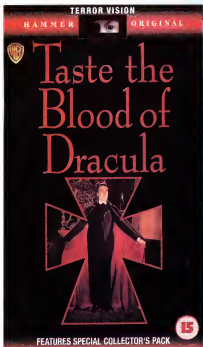
Frankenstein's later meeting with his creation in the polar 'sea of ice' is equally impressive, both men sliding rollercoaster-style through ice tunnels before entering a frozen grotto where the Creature sets out its own agenda. "For the sympathy of one human being I would make peace with all," it announces, warning Victor: "If you deny me my wedding night, I will be with you on yours."

This ominous threat is indeed honoured during the heinous sequences where Elizabeth is bloodily dispatched, only to be revived by a forked Victor in his customary fashion - as a patchwork of corpses beautiful only in the Creature's stitched-on eyes. Not content with one dramatic death scene, Elizabeth is in fact granted two as the pace quickens and the film moves towards its effective grand gaudy denouement.

Branagh also manages to evoke the spirit and expressionism of the Universal classics, with the towering walls of Ingolstadt looming imperiously, and the spacious interiors of the Frankenstein family home. The casting is also superb, with an unrecognisable John Cusack, Richard Briers' sympathetic blind man, Ian Holm's affectionate father and Robert Hardy's reactionary lecturer all equally impressive in their roles.

Not, perhaps, the epic work one might have hoped for - and certainly not the definitive Frankenstein promised by its title - Branagh's film trends a similar artistic tightrope to Francis Ford Coppola's equally-touted *Bram Stoker's Dracula*; high on style with plenty of artistic licence exercised as regards content and accuracy.





TASTE THE BLOOD OF DRACULA

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Sell-through release 17th July

Amazing as it seems, it wasn't until this, Christopher Lee's fourth outing for Hammer in the title rôle, that the arch-fiend was finally restored to the precise Victorian milieu as described in Bram Stoker's seminal book.

This seemingly minor detail actually plays a major part in the film's success – and it's one of the best of the *Dracula* series – for it provides a strict, moralistic background against which the story unfolds, and allows Dracula's anti-Victorian values to fester and contaminate all those who come into contact with him.

Speaking of morals, there is a decided lack of them encapsulated within the three corrupt society 'gentlemen' – William Hargood (Geoffrey Keen), Jonathan Secker (John Carson) and Samuel Proton (Peter Sallis) – who, having deceived their families into imagining that they carry out important charity work in London's East End, ritually indulge their hedonistic impulses inside a seedy bordello on the first Sunday of each month.

Finding themselves bored by the pleasures of the flesh, they encounter the mysterious Lord Courtney (Ralph Bates) whose unhealthy interest in the Black Arts intrigues them. After providing the financial means for Courtney to secure the cloak and dried powder blood of Count Dracula from the mercenary Weller (Roy Kinnear), the triumvirate of deviants

then witness Courtney's incantation within the confines of a deserted church which ultimately results in Dracula's resurrection.

Director Peter Sasdy capably handles the various plot dynamics as the reborn Count claims his revenge upon Messrs Hargood, Secker and Proton after their killing of his disciple, Courtney, during the evil ceremony. Dracula's mesmeric allure forces Alice Hargood (Linda Hayden), Lucy Proton (Isle Blair) and Jeremy Secker (Martin Jarvis) to murder their respective fathers: an apt vengeance upon the stifling morality – not to mention the rampant hypocrisy – of Victorian society.

Taste the Blood of Dracula may have been Sasdy's first film, but it is also his best, surpassing even the inherently perverse atmosphere of his other Hammers (*Countess Dracula* and *Hands of the Ripper*) and resoundingly eclipsing the absolute nadir of his work, the lamentable Joan Collins vehicle *I Don't Want To Be Born*. Sasdy appears to take consummate pleasure in attacking the corruption rife in the Victorian era, concentrating in the main on the sexual frustrations of the time. This is never better amplified than in the scene where the overbearing Hargood chastises his daughter for displaying herself in a provocative manner, and for being "a harlot in God's house". The hypocrisy of his position (beating in mind his own libidinous pursuits) is dire enough, but is added to by his lascivious behaviour towards his daughter Alice. When he whips her for disobeying him, a perverse air of incestuous desire percolates throughout the scene to maximum effect.

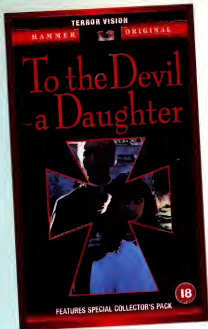
This sexual subtext is similarly exploited in Dracula's own appearances; his beckoning to both Alice and Lucy is met with near-ecstatic delight, and both women are transformed from slightly starched maidens into vivacious sirens. The alluring Hayden with her flowing blonde hair, and the more mature but equally 'reconstructed' Blair, effectively convey Dracula's appeal to women.

In addition to the requisite Gothic mise-en-scène – silent graveyards, cubefebbed churches and lightning storms – Sasdy also integrates a form of religious parody into the proceedings; Courtney's sombre resurrection of Dracula is itself symbolic of Christ's own resurrection as witnessed in churches throughout the land via the regalia of the Holy Communion service.

Taste the Blood of Dracula also features one of the most exhilarating opening sequences ever as Weller, stranded in a darkened forest, stumbles upon Dracula in his death-throes, blood flowing from his erubescant eyes and now-limp torso, run through by a giant cross.

The only real quibble is the relative scarceness of Dracula's scenes, and how little he actually does in them. Otherwise, this is an excellent Hammer entry. Backbats, however, to Warners for failing to secure an uncut print of the film for this release.





TO THE DEVIL ... A DAUGHTER

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Sell-through release 17th July

Hammer's horror swansong, *To the Devil ... a Daughter* saw the purveyors of Gothic horror crashing out with not so much a bang as a whimper.

Unlike Terence Fisher's masterful evocation of Dennis Wheatley-style Satanism in *The Devil Rides Out*, Peter Sykes's film eschews the heightened psychological tension of his earlier Hammer thriller *Demons of the Mind*, and fails to merge the disparate strands of Wheatley's text into a cogent landscape.

Christopher Lee plays Father Michael Raynor (in reality a demon-worshipping occultist) with his customary élan. His adversary, played by the monumentally miscast Richard Widmark, is John Verney, an American novelist with a particular penchant for the *Black Arts*. The central figure caught up in their conflict is the alluring Nastassja Kinski as Catherine, whom Raynor attempts to entice into his Satanic rites; Verney is cast as the rôle of her moral guardian and saviour.

There are, undeniably, certain moments where the insidious presence of evil is artfully realised – the effective church scenes and the assorted manifestations of occult forces – but these are spread too thinly in a disjointed screenplay. The action merely ebbs and flows from one potential crisis point to another.

Denholm Elliott and Honor Blackman as the tormented girl's parents turn in wholly convincing performances, but even these can't compensate for the film's doomed attempts to outdo the likes of *The Exorcist* and *The Omen*.

The Hammer success story was firmly rooted in their sense of style. In the period trappings and Gothic atmospheres their films evoked in spades. The company's later efforts to update these attributes (in, for instance, *Dracula AD 1972* and *To the Devil ... a Daughter*) almost habitually ended in failure.



AT THE EARTH'S CORE

Warner Brothers/Beyond Vision
Retail release 17th July

Another horror/fantasy entry from the once-prolific Amicus stable, *At the Earth's Core*, adapted from the Edgar Rice Burroughs novel, follows a template established by *The Land That Time Forgot*, substituting the latter's Antarctic setting for the subterranean land of Pellucidar.

The film is primarily of interest to Hammer fans for the appearances of Peter Cushing and Caroline Munro. Versatile as ever, Cushing here plays Dr Abner Perry, an eccentric Jules Verne-esque inventor. Aided by David Innes (Doug McClure), he uses a giant excavating machine to burrow into the very bowels of the Earth. They find themselves in an underground hell dominated by warring factions of the Sagoths and the Wing People.

As Princess Dia, Munro remains the obvious attraction; she's certainly more captivating than the more-so-special effects which result in rubbery prehistoric monsters – and there are more strings visible than in a performance by the London Philharmonic and a Thunderbirds episode put together!

That said, there is a certain eeriness to the baying pterodactyl creatures, whose luminous eyes glow menacingly in anticipation of their next kill.

Director Kevin Connor carved out a niche in this particular type of science-fiction/fantasy romp and certainly manages to keep the pace rattling along at a more than satisfactory rate.

The numerous shots of the rotating drill excavating its way through the Earth perhaps uniquely pre-date some of the environmental concerns which haunt the planet today – dino the notion of Man's destruction of his environment at the altar of monetary gain. However, the picture predominantly conjures up the kind of entertaining, rollercoaster ride of a Saturday morning serial at the cinema. *At the Earth's Core* exhibits that same blend of innocent charm and appeal. Enjoy it before you become too corrupted.

WITCH HUNT

Guild
Rental release - out now

Ably directed by Paul Schrader, *Witch Hunt* is a fantasy-cum-noir thriller set in 1950s Hollywood. The film successfully combines the McCarthy-esque political paranoia of the period with the intriguing premise that the practice of magic and illusion is now commonplace to a point where it threatens 'normal' society.

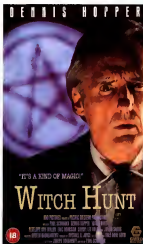
Private detective Philip Lovecraft (Dennis Hopper) is hired by actress Kim Hudson (Penelope Ann Miller) to investigate the apparent infidelity of her producer-husband Gotlieb. The unfortunate Gotlieb, however, is found to have been magically shrunk and then devoured by his two hungry Dobermans ('Somebody's played whummy with Gotlieb to cut him down to size...')

As Lovecraft tries to unravel these mystical shenanigans, he enlists the help of an actual witch, Hypollita Kropotkin (Sheryl Lee Ralph), in order to uncover the perpetrator of these black magic incidents.

Humorous incidents pep up their search - as in the sudden appearance of a be-pantalooned William Shakespeare, summoned up to sharpen up a lagging script - as well as liberal doses of trickery and political intrigue. Pairs of scissors take flight and catapult into Lovecraft as he visits a barber; the characters in a drive-in movie miraculously come to life and start to shoot their audience.

Meanwhile, aspiring Senator Larson Crockett (Eric Bogosian) moots

a spurious 'Unnatural Activities Act' in a bid to outlaw magicians everywhere. Having thus roused the agitated masses, he then has Hypollita tied at a stake to be burned as a witch. 'Magic is in every one of us. It's as common as salt,' she cries defiantly - and manages to produce one more trick from up her sleeve, casting a spell on Crockett. His invective is curtailed as he stutters and spits out a toad!



the open-mouthed crowd looks on we then see the senator 'reborn' as an exact replica of himself bursts from his back (a la Demons), now exhibiting a new-found punk philosophy and abusing the crowd in addition.

The denouement implicates Crockett in Gotlieb's demise, plus the eccentric figure of magician Finn Macha (Julian Sands) in much the same way that Crockett is prepared to discredit the notion of magic to satiate his own political expediency. As such, the 'sinister tentacles of magic' pole into insignificance when set against the evil deceit that politicians perpetuate against the masses; a simplistic but nonetheless refreshing conclusion to an equally refreshing film, where attention to detail extends so far as to use greisly-dated film stock in order to convincingly recreate the 1950s style.

It has to be said that Hopper is criminally under-used in his rôle as the Marlowe-esque detective, but there is enough diversity and invention on show here to compensate for such relatively minor quibbles.

7/10



WOLFEN

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Self-through release 17th July

Presented in widescreen with its original cinema trailer, *Wolfen* is a welcome re-release, having been rather neglected by the horror cognoscenti and cinema audiences in general; a great pity, as this highly original movie is a minor gem.

Adapted from a Whitely Streiber novel, director Michael Woodstock Wadleigh may not have been the most obvious of choices for a contemporary horror film, swapping his earlier walk-in mud for *Wolfen*'s wallow in urban decay.

The intriguing premise here surrounds the threat from a killer pack of super-intelligent wolves that hunt in the modern-day squalor of New York's South Bronx ghetto. Albert Finney's eccentric detective is set on their trail, together with his female partner (Diane Verron) and a coroner's officer (Gregory Hines).

Wadleigh's overt use of a subjective steadicam and optical effects in order to evoke a 'wolf's-eye view' is a clear attempt to provoke some kind of empathy with the creatures - a theme perpetuated with the audacious revelation that the wolves have their own high intelligence, one which rivals humanity in terms of civilised existence and intellectual development.

Irrogating as this premise may be, it doesn't quite hold scientific water. The film succeeds more readily in highlighting social injustice, from the poverty-stricken inhabitants of the Bronx, to the poignant intervention of an American Indian (Edward James Olmos). The plight of his ostracised people is effectively contrasted against the fate which befalls the wolves.

If you're searching for a more traditional lycanthropic thriller with full moon transformations, abundant facial hair, ripped-out jugulars and silver bullets then you're better advised viewing the likes of *An American Werewolf in London* or *The Howling*. If, however, you're prepared to forego such visceral delights in favour of something rather more subtle and insinuating, you'll find *Wolfen* a pleasant diversion, albeit a flawed one; its enfeebled denouement lacks the necessary bite.

7

HOUSE OF WAX

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Sell-through release 17th July

The first of two Vincent Price titles to be released this month is *House of Wax*, André de Toth's masterly 1953 remake of Charles Belden's earlier *Mystery of the Wax Museum*. Like the other Terror Vision releases, it comes complete with a selection of three 'collector's cards' detailing cast, credits, and behind-the-scenes facts.

Although originally filmed in 3-D, the film's undoubted pleasures are mainly derived from its more natural visuals, aesthetics, and de Toth's directorial flair. Vincent Price stars as Professor Jarrod, a brilliant wax sculptor who, after becoming hideously disfigured in a fire, turns to murder, and uses the corpses of his victims as a base around which to build his wax figures.

Lashings of atmosphere are generated from its turn of the century Baltimore setting, all fogbound streets and gaslit morgues. Most memorable of all, however, is the menacing silhouette of Price, clad ominously in black cloak and iodora, chasing a terrified Sue Allen (Phyllis Kirk) through the silent night-time streets (a scene unnervingly reprised during Mario Bava's equally enthralling *Baron Blood* some twenty years later).

Fans of film minutiae will also be interested to know that director de Toth only had sight in one

eye, making the film's much-vaunted initial release in 3-D a definite non-starter for him, whilst one of the film's minor players, Charles Buchinsky, later changed his name to Charles Bronson.

House of Wax is certainly one of the finest films of its period and well worthy of reissue.

THEATER OF BLOOD

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Sell-through release 17th July

This 1973 Price vehicle (issued in its US print), mined a rich seam in the ubiquitous actor's career, falling between the outré humour and outrageous horror of *The Abominable Dr Phibes* and his equally voracious appearance in the next year's *Amicus* offering, *Mothhouse*.

As Edward Lionheart, a Shakespearean actor who takes his duties in order to murder the critics who first slighted him, Price is ideal, hammering it up as only he can, and aided to the full by Diana Rigg's equally scheming Edwina.

With 'Death's labours found', Lionheart proceeds, with great relish, to perpetrate a whole series of Bard-inspired demises upon the members of the Critics Circle he has set in his sights; they dented him a Best Actor award, he is determined to deny them their lives. To this end he claims his pound of flesh from Trevor Dickinson (Harry Andrews), forces Solomon Psalter (Jack Hawkins) to kill his own wife, saws the head off Horace Spout (Arthur Lowe)... The absolute icing on the cake, however, has got to be the cringe-inducing scene where Meredith Mermaid (Robert Morley) - an enormous dog lover - is force-fed his own beloved poodles in a pie, hairs and all!

In the capable hands of director Douglas Hickox, the grotesque vignettes which comprise this Gothic melodrama are ushered in at a



kinetic pace, although at times the heavy irony is vaguely grating - all the more so, considering the occasional moments of real tension Hickox manages to wring from the script.

Given the Bard's overwhelming influence on events, *Theater of Blood* is an entirely appropriate title - but one can't help wishing that its alternative could have been used, namely *Much Ado About Murder*...

THE CAT'S VICTIMS

Redemption

Sell-through release - out now

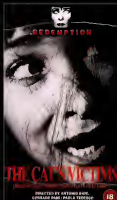
A companion-piece to director Antonio Bido's *Bloodstained Shadow* (reviewed last month), *The Cat's Victims* (aka *Watch Me When I Kill*) once again plagiarises Dario Argento's superior *Deep Red* for all its worth, rendering this yet another competent but uninspired Bido picture.

Paolo Tendesco is Mara, a young dancer who witnesses a murder and herself becomes a potential victim. Aided by her boyfriend Luca (Corrado Pini), Mara attempts to track down the killer to ensure her survival.

As with many films of this ilk, convoluted plotting, eccentric characters, and thunderous rock music prevail. Add to this heady brew a sub-plot concerning Nazi collaborators, and a whole gamut of grotesque murders - that of Esmerelda (Yll Pratt) being especially effective. Another bizarre scene has Bozzi (Fernando Cerrillo) strangled in his bath to the accompaniment of rousing classical music, which provides the only moment of orchestrated violence during the entire film.

Bido manages to cover all of the intended bases once again, even if he doesn't quite manage to hit all the intended targets. He's also guilty here of using the familiar budget-saving device of including too much lengthy exposition at the expense of any meaningful exchanges and, for that matter, action.

If you're a glib film completist, then *The Cat's Victims* will be required viewing. If not, and you haven't yet seen it, then I suggest borrowing, blagging - or even buying - the inspiration behind this and many in its particular sub-genre: *Deep Red*.



KURONEKO

Tartan Video

Sell-through release – out now

Another felme horror title, this time a ghost story adapted from a Japanese folktale, *The Cat's Revenge*.

Kuroneko is the work of Kameo Shindo, one of the pioneers of the so-called Golden Age of Japanese cinema in the first half of the century. Shindo also directed the superior Oriental thriller *Onibaba*, and here employs a similarly vibrant drum-oriented soundtrack, but, unfortunately, fails to reach the dizzying heights of his earlier work.

The film revolves around the mother and the wife of a samurai, Gintoki, who has departed to fight in imperialist wars. The two women are raped and arbitrarily slain by a group of marauding samurai; their but is then raised to the ground. A solitary black cat licks up the women's blood and proceeds to transform them into vampiric shape-shifters who invade unwary travellers into the nearby bamboo forests and kill them.

Upon his return, Gintoki (Kichemon Nakamura) is charged with hiding the locality of these ethereal killers – a mission he is, initially, only too willing to accept – but his fearlessness soon evaporates once the true identity of his prey becomes clear.

Despite some atmospheric scenes in its eerie forest setting, and the supernatural exploits of the two enchanting killers, *Kuroneko* lacks the tense ambience of *Onibaba*. Shindo's concealed political agenda rises to the fore, perhaps at the expense of his considerable artistry. Thus the allegorical strain of the film – the brutality effected by one social class (the samurai) against a lower order (the poverty-stricken women) – transcends the finer moments of visual poetry.

However, Gintoki's agonising dilemma – should he kill those he loves for the good of society, or should he spare them and risk personal humiliation? – does provide some narrative drive to Shindo's unique and intensely personal vision of Japanese society.



LIFESPAN

Artthouse

Sell-through release – out now

"How can you be satisfied with something that has to end?" Jacques Lifespan's Dr Ben Land (Hiram Keller), an expert in the effects of the human ageing process and seeker of an elusive elixir of eternal youth.

Land discovers, to his horror, that another specialist in the field, Paul Linden, has committed suicide by hanging himself from a beam in his Amsterdam apartment. Land duly falls for the none-too-subtle charms of Linden's ex-girlfriend Anna (Tina Aumont) – a sexually precocious creature with a bondage fetish. The doctor then makes a major breakthrough by discovering how radiation affects the ageing process, and enters into the covert world of Nicolas Ulrich (Klaus Kinski), a millionaire industrialist who also seeks to slow down or stop the biological clock. As the head of a Swiss pharmaceutical fac-

tory, Kinski (in a cameo rôle, despite his star billing) cuts a rather Faustian figure, prepared to offer anything in return for eternal youth.

Director Alexander Whitlow was once an assistant to the legendary David O. Selznick during the 1950s, but this debut fails to explore some of the script's more intriguing ideas: namely, the ideals of progressive liberal science versus those embodied in Ulrich's mercenary fascism.

Altogether too static – Land's intrusive Chandler-esque narration serving only to disjoint the proceedings – and failing to match on screen the fascinating ideas which inform its premise, *Lifespan* is so sedate that at times it really does seem as if a lifetime has passed watching it.



FRANKENSTEIN UNBOUND

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision

Sell-through release 17th July

Frankenstein Unbound was legendary director Roger Corman's first feature in 20 years, and marked a change of pace from his nightmarish 1960s Edgar Allan Poe adaptations. What we have here is a thought-provoking film of Brian Aldiss's novel which mixes the Frankenstein story with some liberal doses of science-fiction.

"Here I am either at the end of a world or at the beginning of one," says scientist Joseph Buchanan (John Hurt), whose experiments to develop a new weapon instead cause the opening of a time portal into which both he and his futuristic computer-controlled car are sucked. He lands up in nineteenth-century Switzerland, in the company of such luminaries as Shelley (Michael Hutchence), wife Mary (Bridget Fonda), Byron (Jason Patric), and a certain Victor Frankenstein (Raul Julia).

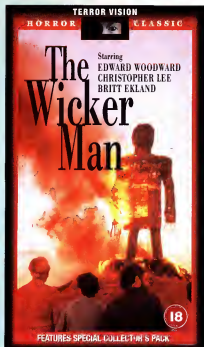
With great perception, Buchanan deduces that he will soon be making the acquaintance of a certain monster and, sure enough, he is shortly found being shaken warmly by the throat by Victor's Creature (Nick Brimble).

Artistic licence gives way momentarily to a more traditional plot-line as the Creature pleads with Victor to supply him with a mate. The creator's refusal unleashes the Creature's full fury, and it wreaks its revenge upon Victor's bride-to-be Elizabeth (Catherine Robbert), whose demise proves to be brief indeed.

The rather surreal conclusion contains some stunning, rainbow-hued pyrotechnics. Buchanan and the Creature confront one another in an underground laboratory; Buchanan will later emerge to discover a futuristic sight yawning before him which grants an added poignancy to his opening remarks.

Although the elegance and atmosphere of the Poe films is rarely present here, Corman still manages to invest the picture with his customary ingenuity. From the incongruity of the gleaming silver car set amidst lush countryside to its optimistic conclusion, an air of verisimilitude pervades the film, thanks to some excellent sets, matte paintings, and special effects. Certainly *Frankenstein Unbound* adds some new concepts to a much-covered mythos, and shows a willingness to experiment that is not always so prevalent in many of the other versions of the tale.





THE WICKER MAN

Warner Brothers/Terror Vision
Sell-through release 17th July

"It was the best part I've ever had as far as the script was concerned. It was a brilliant script, with wonderful lines. What more can an actor ask for?" A glowing panegyric from the discerning lips of one Christopher Lee. The subject? Robin Hardy's debut genre film, *The Wicker Man*...

An insular Scots island community proves to be wholly inhospitable to mainland police sergeant Howie (Edward Woodward), who has arrived there in response to an anonymous request to search the island for a missing 12-year-old girl, *Roman*.

Howie's own deeply devout Christian nature at once places him in diametrical opposition to local Pagan beliefs. "You never learn anything of Christianity?" Howie enquires of the island's schoolteacher, Miss Rose (Diane Cilento). "Only as a comparative religion," she counters. It is this central conflict, and Hardy's

subtlety in evoking it, which separates *The Wicker Man*'s wheat from the chaff of more formulaic, exploitative thriller fare. Howie's soul visibly crumbles as he takes a moonlit walk to the accompaniment of the frequent ecstatic cries of copulating couples in the nearby fields, and as he witnesses children dancing around a phallic maypole. ("The image of the penis which is venerated in religions such as ours as symbolising the generative force in nature," expounds Miss Rose, conveniently.) As if these 'sacrileges' weren't enough, Howie also discovers a mother openly breast-feeding in the island's graveyard, and finds *Roman*'s grave to be no such thing, but navel skin wound around a branch. The local shops contain such delicacies as bottled hearts, snake oil and foresters, and, outside the opulent estate of Lord Summerville (Christopher Lee), naked maidens dance through fire in an ancient fertility rite.

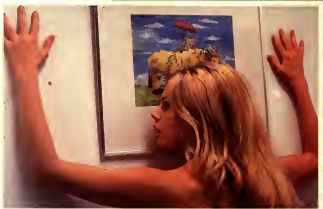
Whilst Howie is left to worship his invisible, spiritualistic God, the islanders place their faith in the fertility of something tangible: the soil from which they reap their harvest, and, by inference, their spiritual needs. As tropical flowers and a myriad of colourful flowers blossom in abundance, their faith appears well justified.

Howie's struggle doesn't automatically lead us to empathise with the beleaguered policeman. He is entrenched in religious dogma and remains utterly humourless throughout; a tragic, unemotional automation by comparison to the exuberant locals, whose vivacity is perfectly encapsulated within the voluptuous figure of Willow (Britt Ekland). That her sensuous lullaby, beaten out on Howie's adjoining bedroom wall, is met with only a muted response tells us more about Howie's emotional and physical frigidity than her licentiousness.

As the omnipotent 'Lord of the Dance', Lee gives one of the best performances in his illustrious career, surpassing much of his classic Hammer work. *The Hammer* presence is reinforced by Ingrid Pitt as the local librarian.

An entirely laudatory conclusion, featuring the striking *Wicker Man* structure ablaze atop an emerald green hill, is expertly interwoven into the enthralling climax; its flaming nucleus an irreverent parody of Christ's death and resurrection/rebirth, standing silently, mocking as it some ancient protoindian monolith.

Not only does *The Wicker Man* leave such risible harvest-time epics as *Sarracrows*, *The Secret of Harvest Home* and *Children of the Corn* for dead, but its crisp photography, convincing realisation, and elaborate invention place it at the very peak of the horror genre. In fact, there is no earthly reason why this shouldn't merit a glorious full set of masks, but for Warner Brothers' infuriating release of the truncated 85 minute print rather than the most complete 102 minute version.



COMPETITION

Thanks to Warner Home Video, we have six sets of videos from their new Terror Vision range to be won. Each set comprises *Taste the Blood of Dracula*, *To the Devil... a Daughter*, *The Wicker Man*, *Theater of Blood*, *House of Wax*, and *At the Earth's Core*. The tapes go on sale on 17th July, priced £10.99 each (£9.99 for *At the Earth's Core*).

Terror Vision specialises in the best of horror films and is divided into three categories:

- † **Horror Classics** include outstanding films from the genre (*House of Wax*, *Wolfen*, *The Wicker Man*), each presented with a selection of three collectors' cards detailing cast and credit details and behind-the-scenes facts about the film and stars.
- † **Hammer Classics** include such memorable movies as *Taste the Blood of Dracula* and *To the Devil... a Daughter*.
- † **The Crypt Collection** includes such films as *The Hitcher*, *Friday the 13th*, *Frankenstein Unbound* and *It*.

To be in with a chance of winning a set of tapes, simply tell us the answers to the following questions:

- a) Other than Peter Cushing, which *Dracula AD 1972* star also features in *At the Earth's Core*?
- b) How many of Dennis Wheatley's novels were filmed by Hammer?
- c) Upon which Scottish island is *The Wicker Man* set?



Send your entries on the back of a postcard or a sealed-down envelope to:

Terror Vision Competition, Hammer Horror, Marvel Comics Ltd., Arundel House, 13/15 Arundel Street, London, WC2R 3DX

Competition rules

1. No multiple entries will be accepted.
2. No employees of Marvel Comics Ltd., their families, or employees of the competition's sponsoring company may enter.
3. The editor's decision is final. No correspondence shall be entered into.
4. All competition entrants must be aged 18 or over.
5. Competition entries must arrive by second post on 19th August 1995.





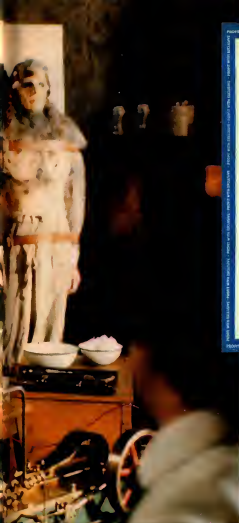
Who Were

The final instalment of Keith Dudley's behind-the-scenes features concentrates on Terence Fisher – the master of Hammer's house of horror.

"Made with care, and at Bray we take every care, these pictures are a genuine cinema form. I like to think that a picture like Dracula will be shown at the National Film Theatre in twenty or thirty years time ... I object to my films being called 'horror' pictures. It's become such a derogatory word. It suggests the sensationally worst side of the cinema. I prefer my work to be known as 'macabre'."

— Terence Fisher, 1980

Above, Terence Fisher used the slender budget of *Frankenstein* and the *Wanderer From Hell* to claustrophobically insulate effect. The Gothic horror saw the director's career out on a high note.



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clippings. He soon decided, however, that his ambitions lay in film editing, and talked his way into the cutting-rooms where he worked as an assistant editor on Victor Saville's romantic period drama *Evensong*.

Director/producer Robert Stevenson took Fisher on to edit his 1936 Gainsborough Studios picture, *Tudor Rose*, and Fisher would spend the next ten years as a supervising editor; he worked on some twenty pictures in this time, including Gainsborough's notorious 1945 highwaywoman melodrama, *The Wicked Lady*. Two years later, Fisher joined the Rank Organisation's training school at Highbury Studios; Rank soon recognised his directorial potential, and set him to work on three low-budget second features - *To the Public Danger*, *A Song for Tomorrow*, and *Colonel Bogey*.

Armed with the knowledge he had gained at the Rank school, Fisher returned to Gainsborough where he directed three further small-scale

The first of Fisher's 29 eventual features for Hammer was 1952's *The Last Page*, a straightforward 'B' thriller starring George Brent and Diana Dors.

productions (*Portrait From Life*, *Marry Me*, and *The Astonished Heart*) before making his breakthrough with 1950's *So Long at the Fair*, upon which he shared the director's credit with Anthony Darnborough. Starring Jean Simmons, Dirk Bogarde and André Morell, *So Long at the Fair*, set amid

the Paris Exposition of 1889, told the tale of a sudden and inexplicable disappearance in the manner of *The Lady Vanishes*. It brought him to the attention of Hammer Films' Anthony Hinds and, after directing one more Gainsborough picture in 1951 (*Home to Danger*), he took up Hinds's offer to join the Bray Studios team. The first of his 29 eventual features for the company was 1952's *The Last Page*, a straightforward 'B' thriller starring George Brent and Diana Dors.

Hammer?

Terence Fisher, often regarded as the father of the British horror film, was born in London's Maida Vale on 23rd February 1904. After leaving school, he joined the Merchant Navy and spent three years at sea, eventually becoming a second mate. The life was not for him, and he came ashore. In 1933, he was working for the John Lewis organisation when he heard of a training scheme being run by Michael Balcon at Ealing Studios, and managed to gain a place on it as a

Fisher (at the bottom of the picture) directs Zachary Scott and Ray Harold in the strange confines of Bray Studios for 1953's *Wings of Danger*.



Wings of Danger followed shortly after, alongside the studio's first science-fiction/horror subject – plastic surgery melodrama *Stolen Face*. Fisher helmed two more quota thrillers (*Mantrap* and *Blood Orange*), plus the science-fiction murder mystery *Spaceways* and the ingenious fantasy *Four-Sided Triangle*, of which Fisher was fond. "I admit to having a certain weakness for that film," he said in 1964. "It really is my only SF film that I don't dislike..."

The idea of a perfect double was very exciting, and a lot more interesting than those silly bug-eyed monsters." The assignments kept on coming: *Face the Music*, *The Stranger Came Home*, *Murder by Proxy*, *Mask of Dust*...

Although Fisher's principal commitment was to Hammer, he'd work for other independent studios in 1954 (on *Final Appointment* and *Children of Gore*). Fisher also worked in television around this time: on the Boris Karloff vehicle *Colonel March of Scotland Yard*; on Bray-produced series *The Douglas Fairbanks Theatre*; on *The Sword of Freedom*; and on the Richard Greene series, *The Adventures of Robin Hood*.

Under the terms of their contract, Hammer owed Fisher a film towards the end of 1956: the next film scheduled happened to be a full-colour remake of *Frankenstein*. "I thought it was ridiculous, and could never see it making a picture. I still had my doubts when filming started. But halfway through I realised we really had something," said Fisher four years later. *The Curse of Frankenstein* was a runaway

success, exceeding all of Hammer's hopes both in Britain and overseas, creating international stars in Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee, and establishing Hammer Films as a force to be reckoned with.

The key players behind the making of *The Curse of Frankenstein* were reunited for *Dracula*, an atmospheric and powerful adaptation of the Bram Stoker novel. Again, the film would prove to be an outstanding

performer at the box-office. Once the subject of a John Player Lecture at the National Film Theatre, a screening can still pack a cinema auditorium even now, some thirty-seven years after its initial release. "Dracula is a satisfying film," said Fisher in 1975. "It has survived, it's still running here and there... I love it because everything was right about it. Very nearly a love story, but not quite."

In Gothic horror, Hammer – and Fisher – had found their niche, and American distributors were eager to avail themselves of the rights to the company's product. The *Revenge of Frankenstein* was next;

whereas the earlier Universal cycle had concentrated upon the further exploits of the Creature, Hammer's sequels would follow its creator. In 1959, the company embarked upon the first in an anticipated sequence of Sherlock Holmes adaptations, *The Hound of the Baskervilles*. Oriented more to adventure than horror, Fisher's reworking of Conan Doyle's great detective was not the success that Hammer had hoped for, and plans for



Fisher's classic Gothic horrors launched Hammer onto the international stage. Above: The Spanish poster for *Dracula* and, opposite, the British poster for *Frankenstein's* *Curse of Frankenstein*.

a series were shelved. Fisher next tackled *The Mummy*, another Universal Studios staple, with Lee in the Karloff rôle. 1959 would also see the release of *The Man Who Could Cheat Death*, Fisher's slow-moving version of the play *The Man in Half Moon Street*. In direct contrast was his next project, *The Strangers of Bombay*, a violent feature concerning the Thugae, an Indian religious cult of 1826. Shot in stark black-and-white, some of its scenes of ritualistic murder fell foul of the censors. As with *The Hound of the Baskervilles*, it opened well at the London box-office, but takings fell off once it reached the provinces, and has been only rarely seen since. (Had it been a success, Fisher had plans to direct *The Black Hole of Calcutta*, a semi-sequel once again set during the British occupation of India.)

The Two Faces of Dr Jekyll – "An exercise, rightly or wrongly, badly done or well done, in evil. You didn't have a single character in that story who was worth twopence ha'penny," according to Fisher – came in 1960, as did *The Sword of Sherwood Forest*, Hammer's second excursion into the Robin Hood myths provided Fisher's talent for action-adventure. *The Brides of Dracula* was another well-deserved hit for Fisher's team. *The Curse of the Werewolf*, however, only managed around one-tenth of the receipts for the *Frankenstein* and *Dracula* pictures. Although very well received by the critics overseas, *The Curse of the Werewolf* was comprehensively damned in the UK.

In 1962, Fisher directed just one feature for Hammer – *The Phantom of the Opera*, a surprisingly low-key version of the Gaston Leroux novel. "The new *Phantom* is about as dangerous as dear old granddad dressed up for Halloween," sneered *Time* magazine. Fisher would later concede that the film had its weaknesses: "The phantom wasn't sufficiently motivated for his deeds. He remains somewhat vague to us. How, for instance, can he love a girl he doesn't know and has hardly ever seen at all?"

Free to take on other assignments, Fisher took off to West Germany where he handled another Sherlock Holmes picture, this time featuring Christopher Lee in the lead. *Sherlock Holmes and the Deadly Necklace*, an international co-production loosely based on *The Valley of Fear*, was beset by dubbing problems and would be part-directed by Frank Wisbarstein. "It's a film well worth left alone," commented Fisher. *The Horror Of It All*, a bizarre horror-cum-musical starring Pat Boone, would be Fisher's next project; like the Holmes picture, it has lapsed into obscurity since its release.

"Dracula is a satisfying film," said Fisher in 1975. "I love it because everything was right about it. Very nearly a love story, but not quite."

story," said Fisher) was a masterful Gothic thriller: dark, moody and full of menace. It suffered, however, from poorly-realised snake effects and on-set revisions to John Gilling's script, a source of some friction at the time. Shortly after, Christopher Lee bowed to pressure from Hammer and enabled the Count's reinvigoration in *Dracula Prince of Darkness*. Fisher took up the reins for this sequel, which



An impromptu script conference with Heather Sears during shooting of *The Phantom of the Opera* in 1962.

included a controversial resurrection sequence. An interviewer once said to him, "With the character of Slove hanging Charles Tinglewell's head down over the tomb of Dracula, seems outstretched in the form of an inverted crucifix, I saw it as a pastiche on the crucifixion of Christ... Was it this that you had in mind when you shot that scene?" "No," replied Fisher. "It just looked good!" (In fact, it had been precisely the director's intent to present the scene as "an anti-Christ ceremony.")





Fisher shot at Beckshue's Bray Studios for the last time in 1966. The film, *Frankenstein Created Women*, was a further instalment in Hammer's ongoing saga of the Baron. Between 1964 and 1967, Fisher would also helm pictures for Planet Films, another independent company in the sci-fi/horror field. The first of these, 1964's *The Earth Dies Screaming*, was a slow-moving alien invasion thriller starring Willard Parker and Virginia Field. Planet relied upon Fisher's reputation to give these productions an edge and an audience, but even with the added attraction of Peter Cushing in *Island of Terror*, and both Cushing and Christopher Lee in *Night of the Big Heat*, they did nothing to enhance Fisher's career.

For 1968's Dennis Wheatley adaptation *The Devil Rides Out*, Hammer afforded Fisher the opportunity to cast Mocatta, the villain of the piece, a rare chance for the director. "Charles Gray was perfect," enthused Fisher. "He had all the charm and wickedness of evil." Wheatley himself was well pleased with the finished picture, and sent Fisher a telegram which read: "Saw film yesterday. Heartiest congratulations, grateful thanks for splendid direction." Fisher

was to have handled a whole series based on Wheatley's novels, but slow returns from the American box-office scotched the notion. (One long-term ambition of Fisher's remained to realise Wheatley's *The Hounding of Toby Jugg* on the cinema screen.)

With production complete on *The Devil Rides Out*, Fisher was set to move directly on to *Dracula Has Risen From the Grave*, the third sequel to *Dracula*. But, attempting to cross a busy road late one night, he was knocked down and broke his leg. His place was taken by Freddie Francis. Upon his recovery, Fisher shot *Frankenstein Must Be Destroyed*. With a literate and moving script by assistant director Bert Batt from a story by producer Anthony Nelson Keys, Fisher created an extremely fast-moving and exciting entry in the series. One of the two films of which he claimed to be most proud (the other being *Dracula*), Fisher later commented: "That was probably the first time within the *Frankenstein* series that you had a really emotional, character approach to bring transplants... I loved that subject, which I think was a most difficult one to portray, and I thought about that film more than any other I've done..."

Hammer signed Fisher to handle *Last For a Vampire*, their 1972 sequel to the successful *The Vampire Lovers*, but immediately prior to production the unfortunate director had yet another run-in with a moving vehicle and suffered

yet another broken leg. Jimmy Sangster stood in for him.

By 1972, it was becoming increasingly difficult for Hammer to find American distribution and finance. The company devised *Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell* with a pared-down budget of around £200,000 in mind. Producer Roy Skieggs hired Fisher as director and persuaded Peter Cushing to return as the Baron. Scott MacGregor's sets, built at Elstree Studios by Arthur Banks, combined with Brian Proby's photography to create a horrifically claustrophobic effect. Sadly, like many of Hammer's efforts at the time, the film was not successful, but it did prove that Hammer, and Terence Fisher, could still deliver a well-crafted Gothic horror. The film serves as a fitting climax to the Hammer series, and to Fisher's career.

Terence Fisher died of cancer in June 1980. He was 76 years old. Producer Anthony Hinds, fellow director Francis Searle, agent John Redway, and actor Thorley Walters joined Fisher's widow, Moring, for the funeral. At the time of his death, he was working on yet another adaptation of *Dracula* for Roy Skieggs to direct Peter Cushing and Brian Cox in *The Silent Scroon*, an episode of the Hammer House of Horror television series. He had directed over fifty features during some forty-seven years in the industry, and ensured his lasting reputation as Hammer's most celebrated director.



With producer Roy Skieggs on *Frankenstein and the Monster From Hell*, Skieggs later approached Fisher to work the Hammer House of Horror series in 1980, but ill-health had long since curtailed the director's career.

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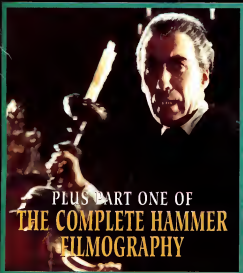
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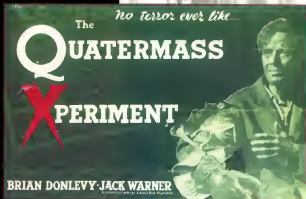
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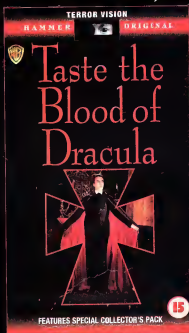
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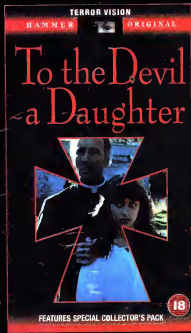


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